

Trouble in
tourist Paradise

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

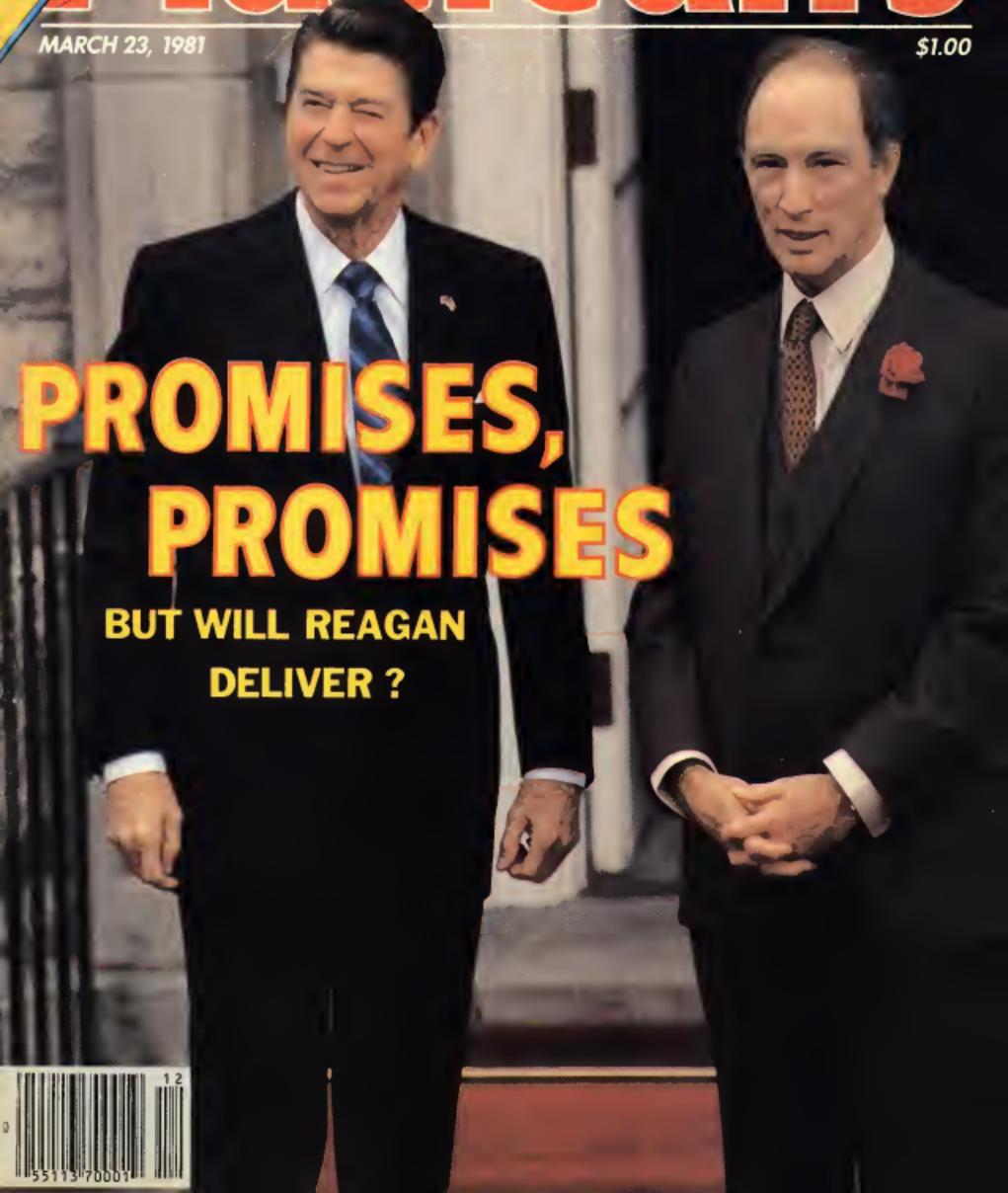
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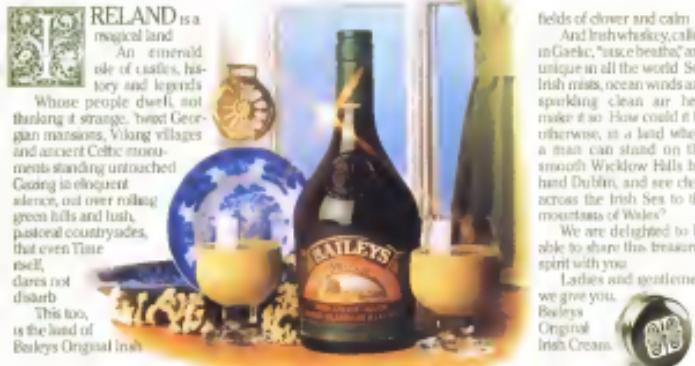


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COVER STORY

Over the rainbow
Going goodwill from away
Peter Trudeau and Ronald Reagan managed to say next to nothing at all. But behind the statements there lurked the real fear that pressurized disagreements would dangerously erupt, not too far down the line. *Maclean's* Washington bureau chief, Michael Posner, along with Ottawa bureau chief Robert Lewis and staff writer John Bay, chronicle and analyze the ceremonial week. —*Page 19*

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Trouble in Paradise

Although Canadians still flock south, the exodus is getting a little less hot. — *Page 13*

When René Lévesque announced the election date, his lack of resignation was fitting. — *Page 24*

— *Proc. Roy. Soc. (London)* **1930**, *100*, 101.



Phone-order date

Needling a date for the Genze Awards, Kim Cattrall called her friend Pierre Trudeau — Page 36



Out, out, damned spots.

The politics of compulsory vaccination retard the war against measles. —Page 50

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EDITORIAL

Crossed fingers along the longest pretended border

By Peter C. Newman

Probably the most inadvertently accurate description of American-Canadian relations was an off-the-cuff remark made by Robert Thompson, once a national leader of the Social Credit party, who ended his lengthy harangue in the House of Commons several years ago with the observation: "The Americans are our best friends, whether we like it or not."

It was this spirit of inevitability that colored last week's 23-hour lightning visit by Ronald Reagan to Ottawa. Asked whether there had been any areas of disagreement between himself and the American president, Pierre Trudeau replied, "Believe it or not, I can't think of any."

This was a peculiarly benign stance in view of the series of diplomatic bloopers that preceded Reagan's arrival. From these early indications, it seemed that Washington's view of how to get along with its northern neighbor was somewhat akin to Gernsback's definition of old-style marriage, in which the husband keeps telling his wife, "If you do exactly what I want, we'll have a really good time." In their pre-emptive sinking of the East Coast Fisheries Treaty and their almost deliberate lack of concern over acid rain, the Americans are exercising their right to ignore our best interests. As they view such issues in the context

of their world responsibilities, Reagan's policy planners probably allocate Canada a priority that ranks just above their bilateral dealings with Mexico.

It was only right and proper that Trudeau didn't try to use his confrontation-style politics with an American chief of state whose tenure in the White House has been as brief that he's hardly had time to unpack his Gertel. Yet it was an opportunity missed in not pressing home the point that the 24 million of us who have chosen to live in North America's attic have finally roused ourselves from more than a century of self-effacement. The realization that has come to us lately and so late is that we don't any longer want to perpetuate our status as a favored colony of the dynamic nation to the south. The great notion fueling this coming of age is that at last we are beginning to perceive ourselves in terms of ourselves, and not imported U.S. values. No longer passive-Americans, we are in the process of growing our own culture, formulating our own ethics and even grabbing for our own constitution.

Let's be good to the Tanks and hope they're good to us. But let's not pretend that our national interests coincide with theirs. Too many high-ranking Washingtonians still subscribe to J.P. Morgan's comment: "Canada is a very nice place. And we intend to keep it that way."

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The errors of our ways

I would like to thank writer Suzanne Evans and Maclean's for your article *No Knot for Entrance* (Canada, Feb. 16). However, I would like to point out a couple of errors. First, Entrance is 300 km from Edmonton, not 30 km as stated. Secondly, the caption with your article named the person behind the store counter as Warren Hall, whereas it is his sister, Heather Hall. For those of us who have lived in Entrance, the unique blend of Rocky Mountain beauty, history and tranquility will always have a special place in our hearts. Unfortunately, the peace in Entrance is shattered by the constant fear that it will end under the blade of a bulldozer.

—DEBORAH HAMILTON
Edmonton



Entrance's generations: constant fear

A literary leap

I would like to congratulate Maclean's on its recent roundup of new Canadian novels (*Parade From Coast to Coast*, Books, Feb. 22). Aside from my obvious delight in being reviewed in Canada's national newsmagazine, I think you performed a valuable service to readers with both the sweep and quality of the article. In these hardly heroic days of reviewing, it is heartening to see Canadian culture getting given voice in a national magazine. I was circulation, and not just in daily newspapers or by email. Your feature set an example that should be followed. The quality was excellent and the article was of more than narrow literary importanc.

—H.T. KELL
Toronto

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the big-money guys are interested in what used to be considered the frozen wastes. Hang in there, SunEd! Don't let these creeps in Ottawa wear you down.

—ANNE RANSOM
La Roche, Sask.

The real losers

One point deserves to be added to Judith Kastner's crap article on independent schools (A Public Withdrawal Into the Private, Education, Feb. 28). The strongest demand for places at this school and others like it, in my experience, does not come from youngsters who need "strong discipline," but from eager, ambitious boys and girls who have been bored or turned off in school by soft courses and flabby marking. It's tragic that some youngsters "need discipline"; it is far more tragic that so many able young Canadians are cheated of the opportunity in school to work hard, or to tackle courses that will stimulate and stretch their minds. All Canadians are the losers who have youngsters are robbed of the chance to develop their talents to the full.

—EDWARD ROBARTER
Headmaster, St. Michael's University School, Victoria, B.C.

A question of trust

In your article *No Trust and Consequences* (Canada, Feb. 16), Pierre Trudeau is quoted as saying, "It is for the Canadian people to judge what we are doing." How are we to properly judge the issue when the prime minister has lied to us about what was actually said, with British officials? President Richard Nixon had to resign because he lied to the American people. Should we expect less? That issue was not as important as our constitution. I do not believe that Pierre Trudeau can be trusted on the issue of a constitution. He does not want the people of Canada to decide. He wants to decide for us.

—THOMAS SCHWENKE
Calgary, Alta.

A dubious distinction

Year article *The View From Canada's Highest Postbox* (Profile, Feb. 28) as Ed Schreyer highlighted how hard it is to see a man who was once a successful, active politician turned into the reigning custodian of a political limbo. To say that Schreyer performs well in his job as royal mount is a dubious honor indeed.

—RICHARD J. MELLOAN,
Cartier, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address and send correspondence to Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 420 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M4W 1A7.



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Give us a chance to be equals

'It's an enormous jump from snowshoes to satellite communications'

By David Porter

Colossal governments. Pipelines, natural resource exploitation, racism, loss of rights, culture and land. Northern native peoples, the heart of the Arctic, Dene of the Mackenzie Valley and the Yukon Indians face relentless erosion of their aboriginal rights by a dominant society. We spend our lives defending our culture from the ravages of so-called progress. It's a mighty struggle, and more often than not we lose. But on this one occasion, we might just turn the tide. The Council for Yukon Indians (CYI) and the Dene Nation have jointly applied to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) for a license to operate a radio broadcasting network and to produce television programming in the Far North. It's the first step in a comprehensive communications initiative leading, ultimately, to what we hope will be a television channel devoted exclusively to native programming.

In this historic collaboration, the CYI and the Dene Nation represent all Indians, natives and non-natives, north of the 60th parallel. Our applications call for technology, facilities and programming that will originate in the North, as well as provide unprecedented communication from one northern community to another. We have applied for a granted program of communications development. The first phase would involve a complete radio service, with native-language commentary, local control and community-to-community radio linkage. Every name important to our people could be discussed through these radio conferences. What the South takes for granted, the North would finally obtain.

In the second phase, we hope to introduce several hours of original prime-time TV programming and, in the third phase, our own television channel. As things now stand, the CRTC has indicated that it cannot provide the required service. Nor did the 11 commercial applicants who appeared before the CRTC propose a plan sufficiently comprehensive to include such service. Yet it is surely obvious that any proposal, that lacks northern originators—which lacks a specifically northern focus—is simply a proposal to further the division of northern television over the North.

So at last month's CRTC hearings in Ottawa we sought additional guarantees. We demanded certain conditions of any commercial operator who would be bringing services to our communities. And the conditions are pretty explicit. They include our control over which programming and communications services will be brought into the North, guarantees of training courses for our people, some genuine airtime on commercial channels devoted to native programming and some of the technical facilities to make it all possible. In other words, it will take partnership if the

grandly ambitious scheme of serving the North is to work. The role of ensuring that the individual communities will actually receive programs, any programs, can only be filled by the mutual co-operation of government, commercial applicants and the Council for Yukon Indians/Dene Nation.

Admittedly, we were the more than 40,000 northern native people in the Yukon and Northwest Territories represent only a small section of the population of six million or so that will benefit from the extension of service. But our people must be seen as a primary beneficiary—a communications infrastructure is critical to our social and economic development. Without the ability to receive radio and television programming, or to communicate among the communities themselves, entire areas remain isolated, discriminated against, underdeveloped and under-served.

But above all, such technological development can never succeed unless it is adapted to the culture and needs of the people to be served. Our people are at a crossroads. On one hand, we are the product of a rich and ancient culture. On the other, we are forcibly determined by a modern society. The struggle is visceral; the decision taken is crucial.

The CRTC issued a challenge to native people to get involved and we answered that challenge. We want to learn and to develop with this new communications technology, but we must also safeguard our culture. There can be no sacrifice of one for the other. I know that it's an enormous jump to go from snowshoes to satellite communications. Chief Dan George said it well: "If you have travelled far, I have travelled further. To go from the age of bows and arrows to people walking on the moon is a very, very long way."

We have never said that we're not willing to make changes. We seek to make things better for our people, but the acceptance of modern ways shouldn't mean eradicating our identity. We are more than willing to welcome this new communications technology, and we will make a thoughtful contribution to its development. We're neither dogmatic nor inflexible, but the needs and strengths and wishes of our people must be central. In today's highly competitive world, no one can afford the penalties of silence— we need to build bridges of understanding.

So far we have survived by adapting to our surroundings, and we will continue to survive. In the past we applied our creativity and skills to surviving on the harsh North. We are masters of living by balancing the demand of our environment with our need to survive. But the core of this adaptation is to seek equality with the world around us. We must not be denied this opportunity.

David Porter of Whitehorse is vice-chairman of the Council for Yukon Indians.



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Photo: Morgan White Rum



DATELINE: ISRAEL

The West Bank settlers dig in their heels

Their removal may be the price Israel pays for peace

By Eric Silver

Kedumim is a lonely Jewish outpost located within the perimeter of a military camp 10 km west of Nablus, the largest of the West Bank Arab towns. The outpost consists largely of rows of prefabricated temporary huts and shacks strung along the contours of the rocky hillside, but it is home to 135 families and 300 youths (Talmudic seminary) students.

Kedumim is the flagship of the Gush Emunim settlement movement, a puritanical group of Jews determined to settle in Samaria, the ancient cradle for the return of another. Labor government commented this time, to "territorial compromise" with King Hussein of Jordan. Labor leader Shimon Peres talks of leaving the settlers where they are, even if this means leaving them under Arab sovereignty. Nonetheless, his prospective foreign minister, Ahia Eban, prefers to keep a Labor government's prerogative of halting Menachem Begin's Sinai president and evacuate settlements if this is the price Israel has to pay for peace. Labor has, of course, still to win the June 28 general election, and Peres has still to prove that he can entice Hussein into negotiations. However, the prospect of a Labor government—anomously predicted by the

newest without bloodshed. Rabin was right, and Kedumim was last night.

Five years later, the settlers are beginning the process for the return of another.

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time, to "territorial compromise" with

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West Bank settlers: time is now

opinion polls—does not yet show the West Bank settlers, but it has increased their sense of urgency.

The 18,000 Jewish settlers have not changed the Arab character of the landscape. Their settlements remain small and remote among the older towns and villages with their total population of 700,000 Palestinians. The number of Jewish families is barely 3,000, with a high ratio of children to adults.

The settlers, for the most part, have already staked out their positions. "We are not terribly frightened of Shimon Peres," says Baruch Robbins, a retired American rabbi and veteran Zionist hawk. "It will be easier for us to fight off any of Peres' weaknesses than it was to fight off those of Begin. Begin's posture dismayed us."

Israel Harel, chairman of the West Bank and Gaza Settlements Council, predicts that if Samaria were handed back to the Arabs most of the settlers would stay. "We are an avant-garde. We might even be reinforced." If it came to evacuation, Harel foresees "some who would accept orders from a government, some who would remain passively, but also some who would resist actively. It can start with civil disobedience and can end with shooting," says Harel. "If the government orders the police or the army to remove us by force, I can see an element in various settlements—I don't know how big it is—who will say that no government has the right to evict the heart of Brett Hirsch [the ancient land of Judea] and that we should resist with arms."

Rabbi Robbins, who at 66 looks like a

Jewish Benji Davis, has no doubt which

sides he would be on. "I would fight against anybody

who tries to take me off my land,"

he says. "Whether they be foreigners or settlers within my own people. No one pushes me off my land. And if they tried to remove us, it would mean civil war."

The vast majority of Jews in Israel,

who are against giving up

Judea and Samaria [the West Bank], would support us."

The risk is real enough. Most males in the 60

West Bank settlements are reserve soldiers.

Many have combat experience in

paratrooper units, some as officers.

Every household has a self-cannibal-

gun in the closet. In Kedumim a na-



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Family of the women have also served in the army.

But even as militant Kadimim, the settlers are divided on how far they would want to go if it came to a forced evacuation as the orders of a democratically elected Israeli government. The battlefield creates its own subdivisions. "If this area is returned to Jordan," Shmuel Mordoch, a 32-year-old native Israeli, explains, "I will stay. It is more important to live in the land of Israel than under Jewish sovereignty. If ordered to leave, I would refuse. They will have to take me by force. But I won't use a weapon. I have been a soldier, I know about war. It is not so easy to shoot to kill, even when it is an enemy. I would certainly not shoot to kill a fellow Jew." Another settler, who preferred not to be identified, adds: "In the end I would go back to Tel Aviv. The unity of the nation is more important for me than the unity of Emek Yizrael."

At Ariel, a secular new town founded by right-wing Labor supporters west of the main Ramallah-Nablus road, theings are even more open. British-born Parvina Carmel, a 33-year-old mother of three, embodies the very idea that Ariel would ever reach the point of challenging the settlers to stay under Jordan. "We don't want to live in the dunes [desert] in East Yizrael," she argues. Her husband, Nahum, who travels the 50 km daily to work at Ben-Gurion International Airport, confirms. "We settled here because we

Parvina public purse is empty



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Furnace Oilburner	280	55	2.00
Oven-Electric	1,450	22	68¢
Refrigerator	10,500	100	4.00
Refrigerator-Freezer - 12 cu. ft.	200	100	4.00
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9,200 btu per hour	1,400	90-600	380-2400 (per season)
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GREECE An invitation



see it as a tragedy that talk like this
should ever arise."

But four years of Likud party rule have doubled the number of settlements and made the problem much more difficult. It would be much harder now to repartition Palestine along simple geographic or security lines. In the remaining few months of the Begin term, Settlements Minister Ariel Sharon is aiming to reinforce his achievement. He plans to establish 10 new settlements, announced by Prime Minister Begin as the Likud party's final flag, and to build 2,000 permanent houses in three existing settlements, Ra'anat Shemona

th, this is the heart of Beita Tzurim. No government can reach an agreement on the disposition of this land without a referendum. I would campaign to influence public opinion and I would not accept the result as a final word." However, Nahman Carmeli's resistance would stop short of violence. "Should any group of people not fit to set up an army that would not answer to the government of Israel, I would go out and fight it. We are a long way from the Altalena [the Israeli Navy's arms ship that was sunk in 1968 by order of Israel's first prime minister, David Ben-Gurion]. But I would resist passively."

Eliana and Shlomo Shemona.

The settlers wish him success, but experience has taught them a doubt: all governments, however sympathetic to their cause, permanent building cannot go on overnight, especially when the public purse is empty and the government is slashing budgets all round in its war against 132-per-cent inflation. An overwhelming proportion of the present settlers are still living in temporary accommodation. In Ofra, the first of the Gush Emunim [the band of the faithful] villages, 90 per cent red-roofed barracks are almost ready; 90 two-story terraced houses have been finished in



Life in the Jewish settlements: making the best of primitive conditions

Arbel and 45 in Salfit. Another 40 are on the way in Shavei Shemona.

Given, north of Jerusalem, highlights the gap between aspiration and performance. It was slated as a Jewish new town by the last Labor government. Three hundred settlers from Begin's Herut movement have been waiting there for 2½ years in primitive conditions, but the government has still not started permanent building. Early this year they took the law into their own hands to try and force Ariel Sharon's hand by setting up a tent camp on a hilltop site designated for them. "If Sharon had a budget," suggested Israel Harel, chairman of the Settlements Council, "he could do something. But he doesn't have a budget and he doesn't control the housing ministry."

Sharon is, however, making a real effort to appease the settlers. During the past six months, he has forced Palestinian resistance by signing a record 6,000 acres of disputed land for settlements. Even if a new Labor government manages to avoid bloody confrontation with the Jews, it may still need the riot police to keep the Arabs in line. □

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THIS CANADA

Athabasca on their minds

A \$32-million move has shaken the academic community

By Wayne Slaten

The Thomas Carlyle, the 19th-century historian and essayist, a true literary wit, simply "a collection of books", to Athabasca, was simply "a place of light, of liberty, and of learning." Clearly neither of them ever considered university life in Athabasca, Alta. No one, in fact, until, until a year ago, when the Alberta government announced that Athabasca University—an Edmonton-based "distance" university, otherwise known as a degree-granting correspondence institution—would, by the end of 1994, move, lock, stock and 150 faculty and staff to its namesake, Athabasca (pop. 1,058), 145 km north of Edmonton.

For a while, looking up from currenting 5,300 students' papers in their scattered office buildings that constitute the Athabasca U. Bitteries campus, the faculty assumed the predict the relocation would destroy the university. Several rugged white scholars held their time-worn robes for subtenants or looked for other jobs. Somehow it all seemed gratuitous.

The university government faced its

last with a major reorganization that puts the "U" in Faculty, government, and the administration of Athabasca "as isolated from us as ever," claims Athabasca's Director of Preparative Social Services Mike Murphy. Murphy and his two colleagues even established 22 other Alberta towns to "get" the university. "Athabasca was going to move anyway," he says. "We just worked hardest." It helps to understand that when Murphy peers into the future, he sees Athabasca becoming an Oxford of the north. Alberta parkland, paning on the Athabasca River, setting Spencer and strutting had in invited hand across the abyss canyon, and so on.

It all seemed gratuitous.

"It would be a great place for art and readers because that's all there is to do at night," says Larry Ferguson, the former head of Athabasca U.'s administrative studies program. Ferguson can see a huge adjustment problem between the free-thinking university types and the "not very progressive" town people living in the distance—a jaded green scenario.

For their own part, 1,058 nicely situated Athabascans argue that their town, a 90-minute drive from Edmonton, has all the facilities: art and drama societies, \$250,000 indoor swimming pool, park and a new \$600,000 performance arts complex. Any competitor, however, could take for "We've got lacks," says Murphy.

Why all this had to happen in the first place can be traced to what's becoming typical Lougheed administration fiascos. What little prior consulta-



Lougheed government was holding. The university, after all, had always been something of an educational oddity, having been created by the Royal Credit government in the late 1960s and then surgically altered into a correspondence school by the Lougheed administration. But the nervous laughter died when, in January, a report that proved the move to the remote northcountry would cost \$32 million and would increase operating costs by a third was finally rendered by the university's governing council. "I think the decision took a long time to sink in because it was so irrational," explains Alvin Pekel, president of the university's faculty association. "People couldn't believe it was happening." Faculty members began to



Town of Athabasca (far left), Mike Murphy (above), Alvin Pekel (below): "We've got lacks."



Athabasca University

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tion there was over the details of the move took place between Advanced Education Minister James Hartman's department and the university's governing council. But it wasn't the governing council that was to be relocated. "When I thought he was going to leave the money, I thought he was pulling my leg," says Dale Smith, Athabasca's president. Smith threw in the towel a week after having the government's fait accompli popped on him during a breakfast meeting with Hartman. Thirty senators after breakfast, Hartman held a press conference and announced that Athabasca U would be moving very, very diplomatically. But hard-man Hartman makes no apologies for the government's decision, one in keeping with its heavy-handed policy of "balanced regional growth"—taking from Calgary and Edmonton and giving to the towns. The province's leader of last resort, the Alberta Opportunity Company, was recently moved to Ponoka (pop 6,873), while a branch of the environmental department was set up in Vermilion (pop 4,882). The Hall and Clegg Insurance Corporation moved to Lacombe (pop 12,218). Last October, David King, the province's minister of education, stunned 340 teachers and staff of Alberta's largest school—the 22,000-student Alberta Correspondence School (ACS)—by informing them that at a price of \$15 million, ACS would be moved 90 km north from Edmonton to the community of Barrie, (pop 3,900). About 74 per cent of ACS' instructors have said they won't go.

Underneath all the rhetorical babbles about "balance," the Leathwood administration appears to be playing checkers with people's lives—and raising enormous gifts in little ways—to shore up political weak spots. A strong anti-Conservative showing in Athabasca in the last federal election by Liberal Chalk Knights sparked the observation that "If the seat had gone Liberal, the government would have put nothing in that riding." And famously enough, the ACS move was announced after Liberal leader Nick Taylor came within 385 votes in a by-election of knocking off PC candidate Ken Kewald. It all makes for a lot of cynicism. "People who want 'goodies,'" says Finlay, "should get together and arrange it so they elect a Tory but give enough votes to the Opposition to scare the government." Meanwhile, estranged Ralsty at both U of A and Athabasca are forced to explain, when asked what difference it makes where a correspondence school is located, that the cultural and intellectual interplay in a city makes for better teachers. Even Carlyle would have agreed that for the intellectual life, some parts of God's country are better than others. ♦

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have some of age. When Norman B tracked down Dan and the Belmonts, he found that then was a born-again Christian singing religious numbers in Miami, and the Belmonts were running a Brooklyn pool hall. Norman B caught up with them by phone (Paragon 2100) working a Bronx, Coney, Eighteenth, and Leslie Gore (11). My Paragon takes voice lessons in New York, "We'll play up around the mania and we're not just out for pain," comments Blaikie, earning the respect of hard-to-please installations. And if the fans' favor doesn't surprise Blaikie, those numbers do. In 1979 crew was playing middle-of-the-road music to a tiny audience of 45,000 listeners a week in an area where top



Rockin' Roads: Guests from the past

stations like CHUM-FM reach 700,000. Then "the gold and great revival" began, and within a year the station more than doubled its share of the market. Now, with more than 360,000 listeners a week and the largest gains of all Toronto-area stations, 1980's giving the Toronto giants a run for their ratings.

To Stom Blaikie it's more than a return to old-time radio—it's a personal return as well. In the mid-'50s Norman B. was one of Toronto's most popular disc jockeys. But as formal radio grew more restrictive, there was no spot for Norman B. as an interchangeable "spark plug" announcer. Pasted in his scrapbook along with snapshots of Debbie Lane and Paul Daniels is the letter Blaikie received when the station fired him. But now he's determined to restore rock 'n' roll radio to its former heyday. "Knowing your favorite ditty by name, that's what it's all about," he says. The request lines are open to a tune gone by and it's a thrill to feel 14 Radio's back the way it was before the music died. ♦



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CANADA



Schreyers pick up their visiting Washington neighbors at Ottawa airport: a gala welcomes to conclude some historic talks

Somewhere over the rainbow

By Michael Posner

“Whether some dissatisfaction,” the Earl of Chesterfield declared, “can be cured by a smile, or whether some disease can be cured by a frown, is a question that few can answer with good will.”

As evidenced by Ronald Reagan's ceremonial parade through Ottawa last week, the earl's insight is as valid today as it was more than two centuries ago. The Reagan state visit, his first since taking office, might well have served as an object lesson in high-level diplomacy. The schoolchildren receiving an important visitor, official Ottawa was on its best behavior.

Answers to please, the Americans were careful to say nothing that might offend; they therefore said next to nothing at all. And, ever discreet, the Canadians largely set aside their concerns about developing U.S. policies. Having agreed to be agreeable, the president and the prime minister emerged from their several hours of discussion nearly 10 minutes early, with goodwill, waving the crowd off with bows from the corners of reasonable men who know the value of some well-timed, thoughtful kiss. Confident Pierre Trudeau: “There was really no subject to generate the kind of heat that was prepared to do, and indicate a will to settle.”

This language of warmth may have masked the rough ground underneath—but that was precisely the point. Like the last-minute route change in Reagan's motorcade to Ottawa—designed

to avoid rock throwers of demonstrators—and like the three-pointed boarding on Parliament Hill before construction scars as the Peace Tower, so did the 27-hour visit effectively conceal the rifts in an historic partnership. By mutual agreement, the pressing agenda of bilateral and multilateral issues was effectively tabled for future consideration.

Still, the president may have wondered for a time just what sort of welcome he would receive. In the days just weeks leading up to the trip, the U.S. government had, in fact, four major moves adverse to affective Canada. Withdrawal of the East Coast Fisheries Treaty from the Senate, dismissal of all three American appointees to the International Joint Commission, proposed spending cutbacks on pollution control,



Tradieu and Reagan before the *Commissariat* by mutual agreement, a press conference effectively lobbed for forewarning



New presidential timber in town

There was nothing strange going on here. A former movie actress in a pink coat and high boots, armed with a tiny spade, was tending soil around the trunk of a silver maple sapling. Nancy Reagan was preparing to plant a tree that actually had been planted five days earlier—crowd of green-ups, including the president of the United States and the Governor-General of Canada, stood in the freezing wind watching seriously, as if they saw some meaning in all this. The president had pretended to plant his own silver maple minutes before.

AP/WIDEWORLD

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Observing the tree-planting ritual: A day spent in a freezing wind

On the front lawn of Government House, the passes for formal. It is November 1983, after all. Dwight and Maureen MacGregor even joined a game of croquet a few metres away. In May, 1981, John and Nancy Reagan planted two red oaks—“I’m going to regret it with a wrench back that hard,” said MacGregor, eight feet from a plaque to remember the moment, stands an oak planted by Richard Nixon in April, 1972, with another planted by Pat (of the Republican chaff coat). Government House carries a sense that the MacReagans did and were secretly rejoiced, cover-up or not, Nixon’s olive might

—DREW HALE

playing of the national anthems—huge banners of dissatisfaction. Trudeau, at last addressed himself to these “lovely women,” noting, “the Americans have some beefs against us, too.” But privately Canadian officials seemed rather pleased by the demonstrations. Said one: “In terms of broadening public opinion in the U.S., we could not have gotten that kind of awareness in six months of working on our own.”

subsequent news, Reagan’s comeback, as often as not was, “That reminds me of the lady I knew in California.”

The president did broach the North-American accord, an idea that has sparked some concern in Ottawa, but Trudeau was clearly prepared for the possibility and seized the occasion to suggest a trilateral summit meeting with José López Portillo, Reagan declared it his idea, and the PM quickly placed a call to the Mexican president, who also was in favor. However, most observers discount the prospect of an early concourse. In turn, the PM pressed a subject dear to his own heart—the summit of North-South nations scheduled for Mexico in the fall. The U.S. inclined closer to accepting an invitation but stopped short of an outright commitment.

While Trudeau and Reagan were destroying the Old Couple theme, other matters of the respective officials were squaring off: on sensitive, those meetings were no less harmonious. MacGregor and Alexander Haig, the secretary of state, held two lunghs with

By all accounts, and to the surprise of many, the president and the PM—the co-actor and the former law professor—established a near-moment rapport. As he has almost daily in Washington, Reagan repeatedly demonstrated the importance of courtesy and the value of a timely associate official, as the president did as much tailoring as anyone during the four hours of meetings, but rarely raised specific policy questions. When the PM turned to

Reagan and MacGregor at pains to record points of agreement even on El Salvador



Different voices—schoolchildren and protesters: a vast breath of humanity

notes and later told reporters that an El Salvador, the Middle East and other topics there were no fundamental disagreements. Canada did register opposition to arms traffic moving into the strife-torn Central American nations, including U.S. arms traffic—but both MacGregor and Haig were at pains to record the points of agreement, support for the existing junta, the need for meaningful reforms, the wish for a political solution.

The encounter with Haig and Boucane confirmed what officials at Esso and Alberta had already suspected—that any White House endorsement of a policy approach depends on Al Haig’s support. He is the soaring presence of power within the new administration, and MacGregor worked hard at swaying the Canadian viewpoint. In general, the Americans seemed receptive, deliberately avoiding opportunities for confrontation.

But they gave nothing away—nothing beyond assurances that the Carter administration had not previously given, and on some cases less. On the controversial issue of East Coast fishing rights, the US explained that the treaty signed nearly two years ago stood absolutely as chance of passing the Senate and that, even if the White House had attempted to muscle it through, the House would never pass the implementing legislation. In short, Reagan’s choice was either to withdraw the fishing treaty or do nothing, the former seemed preferable.

There remained, however, the question of timing. Haig had telephoned MacGregor a week before the visit to inform him of U.S. intentions: the treaty would be withdrawn. Ottawa was

expecting that decision. But it wasn’t until two days later that it received word the announcement would be made on Friday—only four days before the president’s arrival. In fact, the timing of the announcement provided details at the same department, never: officials felt it would be better to wait until Haig had returned to Washington. He could tell Trudeau what he pleased to do and seek his advice on what steps might then be taken to prevent scallop stocks from the rapacious fisheries on the Georgia Bank. But Haig felt it would be better to take the lesson before going to Ottawa, that is to announce withdrawal afterward, would dissipate whatever goodwill the trip had generated. Clearly, the Canadians would be aggravated, but they would be more concerned if they were told to believe radiation was still present and later were informed it was not. Moreover, news of the administration’s unanticipated decision was already spreading in the northeast, and Return Haig, the White House point man on the treaty, knew the government would soon have to confront or deny the stories. In the end, the Americans spared for damage control.

In Ottawa, MacGregor went through the motions of expressing “genuine disappointment” with the U.S. action and declared his hope that Washington would seek some sort of fisheries management agreement on its industry. Reagan gave his word that he would try, but Haig suggested it might be four years before conservation measures could be implemented. In four years, scallops might well be an endangered species in the region, and a good many independent fishermen, mostly American, will probably be out of business.

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Regan made other promises, but these too failed to satisfy many Canadians. He pledged, for example, to withdraw American continental patrols in the Boundary Waters Treaty (1909). He said the \$7 million earmarked for work this year on the Garrison Diversions project in North Dakota would not pollute Canadian waters. He had proposed consultations on the project would proceed as planned later this spring. While as these assurances were, they did not remove Canada’s bottom-line concern that any work risks the accidental spillage of hydro into Canadian waters, and that such work is not really environmental, until further consultation—which Canada strenuously objects—is completed.

The president played the appearance of air pollution as well, insisting that his



Prizefighters get close too

Prime Minister Mackenzie King and President Franklin Roosevelt, the champions of Canadian autonomy, met 15 times during their terms and maintained such other fast friends. Yet FDR is to his dying day King's first name wrong, addressing him always as "MacKenzie." After meeting John Kennedy, Prime Minister Jim Diefenbaker could hardly speak civilly about the young president, Kennedy didn't even bother trying to be polite. And that! Dick Nixon met Pierre Trudeau and was heard later on the White House tapes referring to Trudeau as an "idiot." In short, the intimacy of a summit need not always lead to a beautiful friendship. As Lester Pearson has once suggested, "Friendships also have very close personal contacts."

So it wasn't surprising that Trudeau and his people deliberately dealt gently with the issues dividing Ottawa and Washington when Ronald Reagan arrived last week. The idea was to put off bargaining in other days and other meetings, and to warm up a personal rapport between the two leaders that might help dissolve disputes in future. The two, after all, were not exactly a matched set. Trudeau, a 12-year veteran in office with what the Americans consider a leftist cast to his politics, and the president of seven weeks, thought by some Canadians to be a right-wing hawk in foreign affairs. By glossing over their differences, they seem to have hit it off. Said one Trudeau aide of Reagan: "You just can't help but be charmed by the guy." After several

"King" family called him "Willie," which he felt very unprivileged, so he persuaded college mates to call him "Tom." He was "Tom" to two other contemporaries, Ernest Lapoeris and Vincent Murray, everyone else, even senior members, called him "Mr. King."

hours with the president, Trudeau allowed that each is a bit of a 'hass.' He's a good actor and I'm a bad one."

athens, he gazed over the heads of the Canadian Press, hand and straightened a banner the size of a bare door that demanded PNP AND FAIR ON TO his left, demonstrators yelled, "Tearas *ni* El Salvador." Explained Trudeau in his welcome speech: "As you can see from these signs and as you can hear from some of these lady voices, Canadians expect much of Americans." The demonstrators—mostly, but lacking the stern anger of the anti-war protesters who met Nixon in 1970—led the Congress to pass a unanimous resolution deploiring the *de facto* government's attempt to "devalue *ni* Bogota."

Roosevelt and King; Kennedy and Duvalier; Trudeau and Nixon: some didn't even bother trying to be polite

A more discreet but far more telling message for the future of U.S.-Canada relations came from that most responsible of all sources, the under-secretary of state for external affairs. Allan Gotlieb, in an article co-written with External Affairs' planning chief, Jeremy Kinsman, has called for a new strategy for dealing with the Americas. "One that provides for the realization of Canadian economic development objectives." Published in the journal *International Perspective*, the Gotlieb paper will be seen by some fellow managers as a plan to ease the tangled threads of U.S.-Canada ties through a central management of External Affairs. In particular, it reviews the 1974 *U.S.-Canada Economic Outlook* and the 1975 *U.S.-Canada Economic Outlook*.

neous strategy and foreign policy that would relate strategy to U.S. actions—the so-called Third Option. Says the article: "It is important for the U.S. to perceive accurately the extent to which Canadian economic policies are directed to distinctive structural features of the Canadian economy, some of which are quite different from those of the United States. It is not a matter of different political philosophies, it is a question of different policy needs."

Presenting his Republican plan to the joint meeting of Parliament, Trudeau made one such difference plain for Reagan. Quoting Henry Thornton, an aging of the U.S. government, "This government of itself never furthered any enterprise but by the shelter with which it put it out of his way," the PM added, "but here in Canada, our own realities have sometimes made it necessary for governments to further enterprise." That means: funds of Canada's National Energy Program. This is one difference that might tell all the charts either man can master in the months ahead.

—RON HAY

administration would lead us to "best of-fests" so conservation and the International Joint Commission, which enforces the Great Lakes Water Quality Agreement, would not be affected by budget reductions. Us and rats, Beagel appears amenable to going ahead with treaty negotiations, but he probably won't be in any hurry. Five working groups (four technical and one legal) will be ap under the 1980 Memorandum of Intent, are scheduled to finish their reports by midyear, but a number of basic issues problem must be solved before formal negotiations can begin. The entire issue size and stay in one of the few areas covered by the Clean Air Act in which a recent report by the Council on Air Quality did not propose either rollbacks or a standstill. On the other hand, the White House's own proposals would strip the set of some tough regulations and almost certainly add to acid rain levels.

But if the state did not reflect the Reagan administration's policy, how, then, did it obtain the clearance and approval needed for delivery? American officials were privately involved in issue it on paper co-ordination. The resources of E. Stedman and the Reagan economic package meant that few questions began to look seriously at the president's plan. "The president's plan was almost upon us," says "Energy was in tatters," one official told *Newsweek*. "The re-orientation process didn't work very well." At Camp David on the weekend before the trip, Reagan polished his speech for the joint session of Parliament and looked over his briefing books. But he had gone unaccompanied by anyone who



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ought have given him an oral briefing on the issues.

In fact, some officials at State said whether the note would have created the flap if it had not been sent on the eve of the president's first trip abroad and the first by a US president to Canada since 1952. Canadian diplomats do not think highly of that suggestion. Said one: "There's a certain amount of sarcasm involved." American officials also refused to rule out a similar letter being sent in the future—Blair's letter notwithstanding—in which the Canadian response is not based on whose advantage it was. It is certain that Washington's note was triggered by the timing. At the outset of the meeting, Mr. Blair initially raised the subject of the upcoming talks with Trudeau.

In Washington, the consensus is that Canada's armed forces are

the Good Brothers, who did Andes and advisedly declared delight at the cordial audience of the talks and what they foreseen for the future of the relationship, but—solely—as one Canadian diplomat put it—was "in any doubt about where the booby traps were or what the real world looks like." The Americans returned home with another smash hit, another episode in the continuing conflict. And Reagan-hour, and the Canadians were left holding a bag of woes and pledges as palpable as air: "We are not prepared to commit our army to settle for anything less than peace," said MacEachern. But there was no suggestion of what Canada would do when the deadlines were taken down and the gunpowder was still all used up.

René Lévesque: adieu or au revoir?

Reparation was variable in the face of René Lévesque when he announced the dissolution of the National Assembly Thursday, and left the powder-blue shirtless, perhaps for the last time, to preside. Agricultrure Minister Jean Gosselin talked to all of Parti Québécois' victims but of "survivors" in the April 11 vote, and expectation of defeat was implicit in the words of re-



Lévesque: among the PQ the talk was not of voters but of survivors

Victory appeared assured for Claude Ryan's reinvigorated Liberals, who won all 11 executive by-elections as well as last May's referendum on separation. Few among the popular, if PQ reformists in language, localities, state au-



Reinvigorated after dissolution, and before the campaign, Claude Ryan, Claude Morin and Claude de Bellefonds. Impressive reforms, then a referendum



Persevere, retelling his message

social insurance, protection of agricultural land and political financing. But an impressive legislative record will not be enough for most PQ candidates demoralized by the referendum defeat and, in some cases, victims of the virus and vandals of public office. During Gilles Giguere's term as a PQ back-bencher, for example, the 54-year-old pioneer separatist acquired a reputation as a wort when he was fined \$600 for bedding two teenage girls in his Quebec City apartment.

The largest liability for most PQ candidates is the absence of independence forcing the party to generate salaried that, if returned to power, it will do nothing to advance the cause for which

it was created. Such planks make less a platform than a gallows. The PQ won referendum majorities in only 15 ridings, and there is little likelihood of another electoral fiasco like that of 1976 when it won a powerful majority with only 41 per cent of the popular vote. That skew was due to a modicum of life left in the dying Union National, a party decimated by defections and one deserving of last rites under the leadership of Hoch-Lévesque, who is expected to range to "any MP for defeat" in the race of birthright.

This scenario is probably the assumption also for an era in Quebec nationalism when a governing clique of intellectuals tried to lead the province blindfolded—despite the fact that the only conceivable outcome national assembly would change. While abdicating nothing at all, the new government is reduced to feebly challenging federal constitutional action in the courts, arguing last week in the province's court of appeal that the federal package is unconstitutional because it would subject provincial laws to a federal charter of rights.

But the real confrontation remains a political one and, said Lévesque, "The issue is which party has the guts in Quebec." Honoured Ryan: "Never has the negotiating position of Quebec been so weak as at the end of the PQ experi-

May the force be with them

Long thought of as poor cousins to the RCMP, which polices the rest of the province, the 225-strong Royal Newfoundland Constabulary in St. John's has been struggling to improve its image to a generation of residents who associate it with parking tickets, police hauls, chicken wings and chips. But, like its 44-million headquarters opened just a year ago, with its rooms of modern police gadgetry, the force is showing a brave new front. They're probably the only cops in North America who don't carry guns on the beat. But in the past few months they have sloughed off parking meter duties, started a crime-prevention unit, hired recruits in open competition—including, for the first time, women—and are sending recruits to a five-month tracing course in P.E.I. And, because of provincial nationalism and higher charges by Ottawa for Montreal, the constabulary is on its way to becoming the province-wide force it had been until the RCMP took over in 1966.

Within the constabulary, however, all is not so rosy, and it has not been since 1979 when the quasi-national Police

Mont. "Even some PQ members openly desire their party's defeat so that its separatist commandments can be removed under fresh leadership. The focus of such speculation is Prime Minister Jacques Parizeau, whose tax-cutting proposal in which his ultra-liberal budget reformed his once-robust PQ budget, rekindled his nemesis, the PQ's leader. Parizeau, who is seeking to reconstitute the party leadership, is by no means the only one to do so. Parizeau's long-standing disdain for the soft-left strategy would make him a favorite among militant nationalists. It is also possible, however, that a crushing defeat April 11 would be the coup de grâce for an independence movement already eviscerated by voters last spring.

—DAVID THOMAS

Yo-ho-ho, seven bottles of rum

Draga, sea, boozie and mysterious disappearances finally explained, the Montreal trial of Gerald and Daveda Falivona and three others charged with extorting \$82,000 from millionaire playboy John Rodger McConnell is inconclusive because it would subject provincial laws to a federal charter of rights.

But the real confrontation remains a political one and, said Lévesque, "The issue is which party has the guts in Quebec." Honoured Ryan: "Never has the negotiating position of Quebec been so weak as at the end of the PQ experi-

Brothertown of the Newfoundland Constabulary held a day-long illegal strike. The cops won salary increases, collective bargaining rights and even earned Chief Edgar Pitman to resign, but rigid military discipline continued and it was not until the mid-1970s that constables were allowed to marry without the chief's permission. The latest dispute involves complaints about

guzz, boozah and "at present, now and then" cocaine. But he denied he ever had a drinking problem. "Do you consider a person drinking one bottle of rum a day an alcoholic?" asked defense attorney Michael Macneil. "All depends on how long he's able to drink it," agreed McConnell. In a statement read to the court by his Mr. Justice, Jean-Paul Bouchard, that crooner gathered by a robbery committee in Miami and Jamaica last year, did back up McConnell's testimony that he had been approached at a wedding in February of '78 in Jamaica

McConnell of force in Montreal it could have been Hugo or a Marlin.



Chief Richard Roche's clampdown on sick leave. When some 106 constables urged a petition seeking a public inquiry into management, some cops withdrew their signatures for fear of breaking a rule forbidding them to talk

Brothertown President Wells addressing constabulary, and (near) Clayton Rees: one thing they likely won't get argue



"seen a week" might be accurate. Friends of the millionaire heir recalled seeing him "every night" in the lounge of the Holiday Inn in Montego Bay. They described him as "babycold" with the distinguishing characteristic of a "slight gimp." Denis "Simp" Kelly, a former teamster and Jean-Paul Bouchard, who is Mr. Justice Jean-Paul Bouchard, that crooner gathered by a robbery committee in Miami and Jamaica last year, did back up McConnell's testimony that he had been approached at a wedding in February of '78 in Jamaica

to the press. Last fortnight, the 38-man executive, led by brothertown President Sterling Wells, resigned in protest. Joe Ross, vice-president of the Canadian Police Association, saw it all as a plot by Roche and the provincial justice department—which pays for the force—to get rid of troublemaker Wells.

Justice Minister Gerald O'Gorman maintains there are no grounds for a public inquiry, although the liberal opposition has been calling for one almost daily in the legislature. It hangs the force in a shroud of mystery at night because its \$850,000 overtime budget has all been spent half-way through the fiscal year. There lies the misnomer, the motherhood charge, adding sturis of men tripling their income with overtime. They feel they have been made the scapegoat under a new edict requiring them to have a doctor's note for every sick day.

One thing seems certain—the brothertown's long-standing demand that they be issued revolvers will not be met. This past Feb. 26, about 80 km west of town, a Mountie shot and killed 16-year-old Clayton Rees, who had aimed a .22 at the police car three metres away. It was the first killing by a cop since the RCMP came to the province and, as it turned out, the youth's rifle wasn't loaded. It didn't even have a bolt.

—GERALD NEWMAN

by a man with an Italian accent. After the encounter McConnell "was shaking like a leaf!" Verion's testimony read: "I thought he was going to pass out." The Crown contends McConnell feared for his life after sleeping with a call girl posing as the wife of an alleged Mafia chief. He allegedly earned over \$200,000 bills to his business partner, Falovich, thinking the money was to appear the so-called strongest Mafia badman.

And, McConnell told the court last week, that was the only time he felt his life was in danger. This original trial was scheduled to begin last April 6, but on that day the only witness was unable to be found. McConnell re-planned and last month he hired a private firm to check his Montreal apartment for evidence. He found "two positive readings," he said. "They told me to eat my jets and not talk too much in my apartment." But when the investigators came back two weeks later there were no bags—"one 15-inch scroll in a roll of wallpaper in my desk closet." "So it could have been bags and it could have been the man from Maf," suggested Massarella. "It could have been the man from Mara," McConnell agreed.

Nonetheless, he testified, he was sufficiently annoyed to follow the advice of the investigators to get out of town for awhile. McConnell and one of the investigators warned him he had been "talking to certain people concerned in this case and they had threatened him that if he didn't not be around for the trial. [The investigators] were talking about threats of death. They told me, 'Go bury yourself until we can find out more.' This was something heavy that was dropped on my head. I figured I'd take a little time to think about what was going on."

McConnell "buried himself" in his Nebraskan home while a Montreal court issued a bench warrant for his arrest. McConnell denied he had left town because he "had decided to kick up on all the lies and fabrications up to then." As he left the witness stand he told Massarella, "Your statement is pure delusion."

Other evidence introduced last week included police statements made by three of the accused: Jimmy Soons, 76, Tony Massarella, 37, and Pasquale Martone, 43, all admitted they had attended a meeting in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel where the haggling over the substation payment allegedly took place. They said, however, that the meeting was about real estate transactions between certain Montrealers and some Italian businessmen. Massarella and Martone further admitted they had been in Jerome in February, 1972. Massarella and he was there with Falovich to sign a recording agreement with McConnell

At the time, Falovich and McConnell were partners in a now-defunct record company. "Me, personally, I just went for the sex," Martone told the police. The Crown claims Massarella was there helping Falovich prepare the Mafia chums while Martone was the "strong man" who talked to McConnell at the wedding.

Over defense objections, the Crown also introduced a bill from the Casa Mangan hotel issued during a search at a Falovich residence. It indicated that two women described as the "Mafia girls" stayed a long time in Jerome in February of 1972. A previous affidavit from a hotel maid, girl Linda Lawlor, had indicated that David Falovich had stayed there while David was set up the meeting between him and McConnell, the first step toward the encompasses of the alleged encounter. Stay tuned. —Anne Bruce

Ottawa

Labor pains for the CLC

DENIS McDermott, president of the Canadian Labor Congress (CLC), dropped into his chair in the Manitoba wing on the 13th floor of the Ottawa Skylane Hotel last week and, with the grim look of a man reading for a long, draining struggle, waved aside his side's warnings and admitted the CLC faces "the worst crisis" in its 25-year history. The afternoon before, the CLC's executive council had reached a decision that opened the way for months—perhaps years—of bitter fighting among organized workers, a battle that could split the entire Canadian labor movement.

Twelve U.S.-run building trades unions will be suspended April 30 from CLC affiliation because they have refused to pay \$475,228 in dues since last April—a rebellion spawned by variations and long-standing objections by the building trades unions to CLC policies. Kicked out will be 300,000 carpenters, insulation, electrical workers and other construction tradesmen claimed as members by the internationals—in all, about one-eighth of the CLC's 2.3 million members.

In a parallel move, McConnell—not announced his organization was establishing its own building trades department, and he gave the suspended workers the chance to pay their dues and remain within the CLC while keeping their international affiliation.

McDermott sees his offer as a general response to thousands of pleas from union members across the country crying for the CLC "to throw the



LaRance, McDermott and Rose, throwing



and a strike—or sailing out to destroy the building trades unions?



and a strike—or sailing out to destroy the building trades unions?

line-in" that will keep them a part of the Canadian labor movement. But McDermott's opponents understandably disagree. "They're setting out to destroy the international building trades unions in Canada," says Ken Rose, the powerful chairman of the Canadian executive board of the building and construction trades department, an adjunct of the AFL-CIO. Rose, who enjoys widespread support from construction unions across the country, claims few locals will switch their allegiance to the CLC in the next weeks before the suspension becomes effective. He predicts that in his own union, the Internationa

Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, less than half of one per cent of members will opt for continued CLC affiliation.

The CLC has hopes it will survive the crisis in a stronger position than ever, although McDermott admits he is operating in uncharted waters. In Quebec, a majority of building trades locals have already opted for affiliation with the CLC's provincial arm, the Quebec Federation of Labor (QFL), led by Louis LaRance. Support for continuing CLC membership is also anticipated in British Columbia and Toronto. Whatever happens after April 30, the dispute is certain to usher in an era of labor unrest—and possibly violence—as opposing groups read each other's memberships.

Behind this blossoming labor war, there is one principal grievance: the building trades unions are angry because they believe the CLC has failed to halt encroachments on their jurisdiction in Quebec, where the QFL has set up its own building trades department and gone after bargaining rights for construction workers in the province in competition with the international unions. Local employers have apparently ported in a long-distance building trades claim that their unions are underrepresented at CLC conventions

Radio Moscow comes to Tuk

John Stein was sorting the office mail when an unusual stamp caught his eye. It featured two Soviet cosmonauts, and the letter, addressed to himself, president, CFCF Radio, Tuktoyaktuk Broadcasting Society, Northwest Territories, Canada, announced: "Radio Moscow would like to inform you that it can provide your station free of charge with tapes of English-language programs dealing with different aspects of Soviet life." It was signed by Director-in-Chief Konstantin S. Zilbs.

"I just couldn't believe my eyes," says Stein, a longtime town councillor and operator of Tuk's Beaufort Inn. Nor could the offer from Moscow have come at a more opportune time to bolster morale around the 1,300-watt locally run station which, evidently through a mis-understanding, has seen much of its funding cut off. "We've been broadcasting community bingo shows to raise enough money to stay on the air," says Stein.

For 11 years CFCF-AM has been providing the 1,200 residents of Tuktoyaktuk

with 500 hours a day of musical requests, local weather, news and announcements, front legends and adventure programs, operating on both English and Inuktitut. As the engineer-owner issues the snow-drifted radio shack after CFCF's morning and evening broadcast periods, he flips a switch and the station's only CBC Northern

service programming for the rest of the broadcast day. It all began on the grassroots impulse of Toronto's popular rock radio station CHUM, which shipped its chief engineer north with \$60,000 worth of equipment in 1970 to get the show on

Bill Panayotakis, the first voice of CFCF, 11 years later, a newfound friend



because of the way delegates are elected. Men like Rose argue this has given the public service unions too large a voice in CLC policy. The more conservative building trades leaders also smart over the CLC's close ties to the New Democrats—an alliance Rose argues has helped neither the party nor the unions.

McDermott has seized as the building trades' dissatisfaction with delegate selection as proof that the U.S.-run internationals want to subvert the grassroots nature of CLC conventions in favor of the traditionally top-heavy decision-making process in many of the big U.S.-run unions. He portrays the split as nothing less than a come-and-for-all chance to curb U.S. influence in Canadian labor activities. "It's a question of whether people want to be governed in their own land or goddess Washington...that's what's it's all about."

But what it may really be all about is the breakup of the CLC, which since 1966 has defied the odds as one of the Western world's few successful central labor organizations.

If the building trades cannot be weeded back in, the nosebleeds in the public sector unions, the CACB swing states in the public sector unions, re-examining their differences with the congressional industrial members and hearing the threat of the CLC's disintegration—and chaos in the labor movement—ever closer.

—LOIS WHITTINGTON

the Arctic Air and promised \$10,000 a year for five years to help out for operating the station. "They send messages to trappers and tell wives when husbands will get back from Inuvik—real staff," says CHUM Vice-President Wes Armstrong. Actually, CHUM kept the monthly charges flying until for 10 years but stopped about a year ago after receiving word that CFCF had shut down. "We've never been off the air," insists Stein, but CHUM will only say it may consider renewing its support after receiving written assurances of future operations.

Meanwhile, CFCF's board of directors will decide this week whether to pick up Moscow's offer of six tape programs as Moscow, Maryland, "a three-minute feature in which commentator Vladimir Postin says his views on issues of domestic and foreign policy," and Miroslav Malina, 15 minutes of "Joe Adams answering a wide range of questions sent in by listeners." "What do you do when your back is against the wall?" asks Stein with a grin. "Tables are as good as dollars." CFCF Tuktoyaktuk has already booked a special commentator: "Radio Moscow—if you are listening, your offer of programming is being considered." And Moscow obviously is.

—ANNA PROKHOLOV

A riddle to the end

About 100 hijack hostages are finally released after two sweltering weeks



By Peter Nasaward and Sean Tocino

An unexpected offer by Soviet President Husein Asad dashed the long Saurians for a merciful ending to the 13-day ordeal of 138 victims of the longest aircraft hijack in history. In a dramatic intervention, Asad offered asylum to the three hijackers, militant opponents of Pakistan's President Zia ul-Haq, and 54 political prisoners flown out by Asad to prevent the murder of three Americans aboard the hijacked Boeing 707.

At week's end it had seemed that the dissidents' release had paved the way to a solution of the crisis, which began on March 2 when the aircraft, with about 140 people aboard, was diverted to Kabul from its intended destination, the northwest frontier city of Peshawar. But a last-minute change of mind by Col. Muammar Khaddafi's government turned the dissidents' flight to interested sanctuary in Libya—and raised fears of reprisals against the hijackers' remaining hostages on the Damascus tarmac. It was then that Asad made his offer, reopening the way for their release, while the hijackers and the other Pakistani dissidents stayed behind in Syria. If the question of survival had been settled, however, others remained unresolved. One was the exact role in the hijacking played by the man accused of masterminding it, Mortaza Bhutto, 36-year-old eldest son of former Pakistani prime minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, deposed by Zia in a coup and later hanged



Terrorist master from camp (left), Raheen, the slain diplomat (above) and Mortaza 'Marty' Khalil, refugee in Syria

A second was the degree of involvement of the Soviet Union, its client government in Afghanistan, and Libya. Finally, there was the likely effect of the hijacking on the shaky political situation of the authoritarian Zia-back home in Pakistan.

There was no doubt in the mind of Pakistani Defense Secretary General Rahim Khan that the young Bhutto was the leader of Al-Safar (The Flag of Zulfikar), the hitherto shadowed group to which the hijackers' leader, code-named Abu Ghir, claimed affiliation. On the hijacked plane's arrival in Kabul—the first leg of its odyssey—Mortaza was there to embrace the hijackers and cold-walk Afghan officials. "These are our boys and they have succeeded in their first mission." Not only that, Mortaza, as the brains behind the hijacking, had been tutored by the international terrorist Carlos—real name, Luis Hamidou Sanchez—also known as The Jackal.

In fact, Pakistan and Afghanistan

These allegations were fully denied by members of the Bhutto family and by Mortaza himself, in a call to *The Guardian* in London from the Middle East. But Mortaza was known to have been embittered by the gallowses of ex-colleagues over his father's execution and to have become involved in setting up a guerrilla organization to overthrow Zia and restore democracy. Mortaza had travelled widely in the Middle East over the past two years and recently is thought to have been living in Kabul.

Such contacts seemed to point to the fact that at least some of the hijackers' remanent, just as the hijackers' intended destination, Tripoli, appeared to indicate Libya. And Pakistani authorities were quick to seize on the point. It was evident, said General Khan, that in addition to having had co-conspirators in Libya, the hijackers also received "a lot of help" in Kabul. Their arsenal—automatics, grenades, bombs and sub-machine-guns—was too large to have been taken aboard at the start of the flight.

In fact, Pakistan and Afghanistan



Route of hijacked plane, and Gao Zia

have long protected and encouraged such other opponents. Pervez prime minister Bhutto gave arms and financial aid to a group of Muslim rebels in Afghanistan in the mid-'70s, and Zia is said to have continued to support them in the current guerrilla war there. In such circumstances it would have been surprising if the Soviets, hard-pressed in Afghanistan, had not seized the chance to do some destabilizing of their own—in Zia's backyard.



Zia's widow continuing opposition

They may have been encouraged by the fact that Zia is now more isolated than at any time since he overthrew the Bhutto government in 1977. Pakistan's main-based political parties, headed by Bhutto's Pakistan Peoples Party (PPP), had threatened a general strike for later this month if Zia did not resign and call free elections. In Peshawar and Srinagar, students organized free fire on police, soldiers, colleges, and universities in every part of the country have been closed in an effort to deprive the opposition of a base. No politician of any consequence has agreed to join Zia's latest coalition government, and there are signs of surging even within the army.

This situation, rather than their complicity in the hijacking—the official line in Islamabad was that Al-Safar is the PPP's military wing—may explain the speed with which the authorities rounded up Mortaza's widow (the Begum Nusrat, who now leads the PPP's daughter party) and more than 100 others. There was no evidence that the Bhutto women, as strangers to Zia's jails, were

even aware of the hijack plot, and the arrests seemed a straightforward attempt to cripple the planned strike.

In this limited ambition, Zia was likely to be unsuccessful, for there was widespread shock at the hijackers' murder of Tariq Rahim, the father of a five-month-old child. It seemed as though Rahim had been carefully singled out. A former Bhutto side-decay, he was later believed to have supported the prime minister's execution. But it was doubtful if Zia could count on public sympathy for him as more than a temporary distraction. □

Japan

Invasion of the market snatchers

For more than two years, the crisis of alarm has risen from North American and European auto-makers. More aggressive and fuel-efficient Japanese imports, they claimed, were taking an increasing share of the market—21 per cent in the U.S., 16 per cent in Canada and 13 per cent in the European Community (EC) in 1980—and crippling their already recession-trapped industries. From Detroit to Brussels, the presumption from head offices was the same: the Japanese would be held to prove voluntary controls

Chicago auto-workers demolish a Toyota



or their car exports or face protective trade measures. Last week, indications were that governments on both sides of the Atlantic were about to follow suit.

Nowhere was the world's shrewd leader than in the corridors of Capitol Hill as lobbyists for America's Big Three auto giants searched for sympathetic allies. Feeling from last year's record \$4-billion loss, the U.S. auto industry had placed itself and its employees on a strict regimen of plant closures and wage restraints. But at the same time fingers were pointing at Japanese competition. Fred Vice-President David McCannister and last week that "the single most effective means to restore markets was to limit Japanese imports."

By last week, the auto-makers' demands had caused the first major split in the cabinet of President Ronald Reagan. Taking a stand to import controls were the secretaries of transportation, Drew Lewis, commerce, Malcolm Baldrige, and labor, Raymond Donovan. Lewis and Baldrige argued before a Senate finance subcommittee last week that import aid was needed to support an industry facing a loss of \$69 billion in 1980, making it difficult to retain for small cars. Even car breaks (which the subcommittee is to consider this week) wouldn't be enough.

The fact that Lewis and Baldrige have received the go-ahead to testify helped to raise the profile of Raheen, who endorsed their viewpoint. If so, the choice had been a painful one. On the opposing side were such free-enterprise advocates as budget director David Stockman, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors Murray Weidenbaum. They remained a chance that these men would damage the president from reelecting Tokyo. But according to senior economic department officials, the president was to ask the Japanese this week to voluntarily reduce annual exports to the U.S. from 1.9 million to 1.6 million cars. If that method failed, Canada was expected to follow suit.

Meanwhile, in the face of growing threats of protectionist measures, Japanese auto-makers were in need of their 30 counterparts in Paris this week to dampen the flood of Toyota, Honda and Nissan. The chances of success seemed good in view of a private Japanese government request to manufacturers to observe a voluntary quota system for each EC country. Sources said the quota details were being hammered out at the Paris meeting—would cut exports to Europe from \$68,000 to \$50,000 vehicles this year alone.

Car makers' relief, however, was qualified. Many Japanese auto-makers are buying into the larger European

firms. The most eye-catching deals have been production agreements between Volkswagen and Nissan, and Honda and Britain's ailing British Leyland. These and less grandiose ventures with Renault in France, Alfa Romeo in Italy and Seat in Spain are part of a long-term strategy to interlink the world auto industry. But right now the deals serve the useful purpose, from Tokyo's point of view, of moderating European protectionist anger.

—JAMES FLUEMLING

With files from William Louder and Peter Lutz

West Germany

The sidelined statesman

Six months ago the world averted a blow to Helmut Schmidt. The West German chancellor's ruling coalition in Bonn had maneuvered its conservative opponents in the October election, the German economy, despite the odd hiccups, still seemed the strongest in Europe, and Schmidt's shrewd footwork in the shelling of big power diplomacy had won him broad recognition as the West's most able statesman. Since then, however, the bubble has burst. Not only has his social-liberal coalition proved decidedly shaky, but the



Helmut Schmidt creating economic anguish

shaggy German economy, which underpinned Germany's formidable political clout in Europe, has become a sticky creature.

President Ronald Reagan's drive to take up the reins of Western leadership has combined with the death of East-West detente—the chancellor's pet concern since he came to power in 1974—to sideline statesman Schmidt, and to complete his humiliation, opinion polls published last week showed that West Germans, who once rated him their finest post-war chancellor, were changing their minds. His support had plunged from 85 to 65 per cent.

The worst single blow, since it bore on so many factors at once, was the dramatic decline in the economy. The first sign of trouble came earlier this year with the announcement that, in 1980, Germany had run up a staggering \$14-billion trade deficit, the biggest in the

world. The worst news came last week, however, in the form of a budget that raised taxes on gasoline and alcohol. But any respite was short-lived. Anticipating huge new excise payments, gas stations wasted only hours before raising the price anyway. By the blank margin after the budget, motorists were paying a crippling \$3.30 or more a gallon, up 22 cents. Despite the North Sea oil riches, the country now has some of the most expensive gasoline in Europe.

Within days Britons were also in pay

dearly for new supplies of scotch and gin (up \$1.75 to more than \$16 a bottle), for beer (up 10 cents to nearly \$1.86 a pint) and for cigarettes (up 35 cents a pack to more than \$2.37 for premium king-size brands). Income tax too was up in real terms since Helms refused to raise allowances, and inflation is running at 15 per cent.

Indeed,

the budget pleased no one, except possibly the Royal Family, which

resisted 10 per cent more "pay" and small businesses, which gleaned some tax relief. Otherwise, said the *Daily Express*, it was good news only for "a man with a mortgage." Industrialists turned it "in the teeth"; banks howled at a new fee-for-all tax on their windfall profits caused by high interest rates; trade unions demanded massive job losses. The government, then, at \$80,000 over 18 months, and the stock market made its own grueling comment: the next day \$4.2 billion sliced off short profits.

Tony back-benchers were particularly

outraged by the abandonment of the party's tax-cutting election platform and the new gasoline tax—most Conservative support is in remote rural areas dependent on automobiles—and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was goaded into a stinging attack on the critics' lack of "guts." She may also have been irritated by a remark in the previous Sunday's *Observer*—Colin Adams, Raphael's novelist—that former Labor chancellor Denis Healey once said Thatcher had done for monetarism what the Boston strangler did for door-to-door salesmen—and that was before the taxpayer picked up last week's bill.

—CAROL KENNEDY

New gas prices: more than \$4 a gallon



Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success
the extra smoothness and quality
that is unmistakably Seagram's.

Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



Seagram's
FIVE STAR
AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKY

100% RYE WHISKY

100% BOURBON WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKY

100% CANADIAN WHISKY

100% MALT WHISKY

100% BLENDED WHISKY

100% BLENDED MALT WHISKY

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

100% BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

100% BLENDED RYE WHISKY

100% BLENDED BOURBON WHISKY

100% BLENDED MALT BOURBON WHISKY

100% BLENDED MALT RYE WHISKY

100% BLENDED MALT SCOTCH WHISKY

100% BLENDED MALT CANADIAN WHISKY

100% BLENDED MALT RYE BOURBON WHISKY

100% BLENDED MALT RYE SCOTCH WHISKY

ties—and irritated Washington—was that Agfa's problems had been largely of his own making. Budget estimates for the construction of the *Tornado*, a multi-role combat plane being produced by Germany, Britain and Italy, fell short of actual costs by as little as \$650 million in 1982-83, and the cost overrun could reach further to \$700 million in 1983-84. By the time *Tornado* is finished it will be the most expensive military aircraft ever built and will have deprived Germany of other missile weapons systems by eating up a full quarter of the country's defense budget.

Such strains have built tension inside the ruling coalition which links Schmidt's Social Democrats with the smaller Free Democratic Party led by Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher. Once reasonably contented partners, Schmidt and Genscher have been falling out recently over a wide range of topics—not least their feelings about Ronald Reagan (Schmidt is reported to have even less respect for Rea-

U.S.A.

Taking a walk on the wild side

Scandalous pastimes at a club for the powerful



Pauline and Bohemian Club building. Reager and a slice of his cabinet below

gan than he did for Jimmy Carter). Few observers imagine that the coalition is on the point of collapse. But decisive action by Schmidt will be needed to stop the drift—and that the 65-year-old chancellor at present seems unwilling or unable to provide. Those closest to him say he has been visited in recent months by an odd enthusiasm which has upped his legendary self-confidence and left him lured with the power game.

Associates suspect that he reduced personal role in world affairs because but that what almost certainly gives him most is Germany's economic setback. From the first, Schmidt's ambition was to dislodge the old guard that West Germany was an economic giant and political dwarf, by using the country's wealth as a political weapon. Now that wealth and the political spotlight have deserted him—albeit temporarily—he seems unable to find his way back.

—PETER LEWIS

Pauline Parkinson, a 35-year-old blonde ex-Playmate, went into fading last week at the tail of her congressional expert brought a call to the justice department from her husband, Hank, that he had *infiltrated* a "secret 'Frankenstein'"

up an apparently only the appointment Capital Hill. But while this reply of last month's scandal reverberates an congressional's wife, Rita Jouette, was issued to radiate politico, a final use bearing under a far more explosive disclosure in San Francisco. Marlene (Bridgit) Bohemian, a connected widow, was reportedly working on a TV script that would tell how she had provided prostitutes for the sexual frolics of the Bohemian Club, which *includes* President Ronald Reagan and a large slice of his cabinet among its members. Whizzo! Strode profiles that must select, and secrete, of sotocia.

At this time of year in the staid six-floor, red-brick club headquarters at the corner of Post and Taylor in downtown San Francisco, the service that is normally devoted to preparations for the famous annual *Siamese Encampment* in the redwoods of Bohemian Grove, 300 km north of the city. There, wealthy clubmen gather to think deep thoughts, make deals that sometimes shape the nation's future and indulge in strange woodland rites. Former U.S.

attorney general, George Bush, was born in camp, with Illinois Senator Charles Percy and former CIA chief John McCone Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger is a regular.

Each summer, for three weeks—this year will be the 100th—nearly 6,000 Bohemians, with guests in tow, speed in by car and corporate jet to

learned tone by Professor William Donald, *The Bohemian Grove and Other Retreats: A Study in Ruling Class Civilization*, there's at least one top executive (usually its chairman) from virtually every major bank and corporation in the club. Leaders of academia and the arts are also welcomed. William F. Buckley, the Rodriguez-Henry Jr. David Niven, Bob Hope, scores of showbiz celebrities being. In past years, speakers at the traditional post-prandial luncheon gatherings with the Grove have included Henry Kissinger,

their grandad Grove, close by the hamlet of Muir Woods (population 1,200) on the Russian River. The Grove's Shakespearean motto, "Wearing splinters comes not here," is an injunction to forget wheeling and dealing which is widely ignored. While "ruling-class civilization" rarely lets slip details of secret communications arriving at them, one notable exception was the 1980 agreement by Ronald Reagan, over a drink with Richard Nixon, to stay out of the coming presidential race—has helped mould America's destiny.

The high-spun air of these low gods is the hallmark of the upper-crust summer camp, drawing members in handbags into a titillating charade called *Circus of Ease*. It concludes with the symbolic unmasking of a wooden statue representing world leaders whose outfit is born aloft by Bohemian high priests in strutting sacerdotal robes when a band plays *There'll Be A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*.

Oddly enough, reporters are barred from this club, forced away night in 1978 by five bold news hawkers on the old San Francisco *Examiner* to promote good fellowship (i.e., house-upto) and "to help elevate journalism to that place in the popular estimation to which it is entitled." That aspiration went down the drain when membership was extended to show people, and by 1983, the year of the first *Grove-fest*, the journalists were already on their way out.

Today, a prospective member faces an interrogation that, according to one clubman, "would snuff the 650." There is a waiting list of 1,500 notables all eager to pay the \$2,000 initiation fee and \$500-a-year dues. Unless one of the 12-member club selection committees vote for you, you're out. Try again in three years. As for women, the rationale that excludes them is simple: "Members would be inhibited," says a clubman who is also aide to Attorney-General Smith, by their presence at the Grove. "There's a lot of drinking and loose language."

Drift, drag and dirty stories. Why would any self-respecting woman want to intrude on such revels? Carol Schmitz, president of the Women's Lawyers Association of Los Angeles, says that Smith's refusal to resign from a club that discriminates against women and makes racism serious concern about his commitment to civil rights. Second, crucial business issues are routinely discussed at these shacks, so barring women and minorities "goes them at a very real disadvantage."

Bohemian Club President Michael Coates leaves a sigh: "All I can say is this has been a man's club for a century, and it's going to stay that way. Bill," he says, "would you invite women to your poker game?" ♦



Kissinger, Eisenhower and Percy in "secret 'Frankenstein'" unleashed



Bush, Hope and Weinberger power and social standing are the only criteria

former NASA scientist Warner van Buren, golfer Arnold Palmer, author Herman Wouk, Robert F. Kennedy (then attorney-general), Dwight D. Eisenhower and樵夫 Richard Nixon.

Party lines melt at Bohemian Grove. Wealth, power and social standing are the only criteria. As Oscar Wilde once remarked after a visit: "Never in all my life have I seen so many well-fed, well-dressed, bourgeoisie-looking Bohemians." Former president Jerry Ford (no Betty, of course) rubs elbows with former California governor Pat Brown, a Democrat (as Jerry is not a member). Nor is it a western-blank old boy's club. Vice-President George Bush may be born in camp, with Illinois Senator Charles Percy and former CIA chief John McCone Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger is a regular.

Each summer, for three weeks—this year will be the 100th—nearly 6,000 Bohemians, with guests in tow, speed in by car and corporate jet to

the Grove, close by the hamlet of Muir Woods (population 1,200) on the Russian River. The Grove's Shakespearean motto, "Wearing splinters comes not here," is an injunction to forget wheeling and dealing which is widely ignored. While "ruling-class civilization" rarely lets slip details of secret communications arriving at them, one notable exception was the 1980 agreement by Ronald Reagan, over a drink with Richard Nixon, to stay out of the coming presidential race—has helped mould America's destiny.

The high-spun air of these low gods is the hallmark of the upper-crust summer camp, drawing members in handbags into a titillating charade called *Circus of Ease*. It concludes with the symbolic unmasking of a wooden statue representing world leaders whose outfit is born aloft by Bohemian high priests in strutting sacerdotal robes when a band plays *There'll Be A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*.

Oddly enough, reporters are barred from this club, forced away night in 1978 by five bold news hawkers on the old San Francisco *Examiner* to promote good fellowship (i.e., house-upto) and "to help elevate journalism to that place in the popular estimation to which it is entitled." That aspiration went down the drain when membership was extended to show people, and by 1983, the year of the first *Grove-fest*, the journalists were already on their way out.

Today, a prospective member faces an interrogation that, according to one clubman, "would snuff the 650." There is a waiting list of 1,500 notables all eager to pay the \$2,000 initiation fee and \$500-a-year dues. Unless one of the 12-member club selection committees vote for you, you're out. Try again in three years. As for women, the rationale that excludes them is simple: "Members would be inhibited," says a clubman who is also aide to Attorney-General Smith, by their presence at the Grove. "There's a lot of drinking and loose language."

Drift, drag and dirty stories. Why would any self-respecting woman want to intrude on such revels? Carol Schmitz, president of the Women's Lawyers Association of Los Angeles, says that Smith's refusal to resign from a club that discriminates against women and makes racism serious concern about his commitment to civil rights. Second, crucial business issues are routinely discussed at these shacks, so barring women and minorities "goes them at a very real disadvantage."

Bohemian Club President Michael Coates leaves a sigh: "All I can say is this has been a man's club for a century, and it's going to stay that way. Bill," he says, "would you invite women to your poker game?" ♦



dropper," says Whale. Laurence doesn't much mind this at the fact that plastic came from a man who was trying to make a better pool ball. But perhaps the farthest-fetched item Whale has ever across crossed the legality of a will painted by a dying farmer on the side of his cow. The answer is Saskatchewan, at least: probate and honest.

After a string of successes and *Avalon*, director Guy Goring (Les Canadiens and *Balalaika*) felt confident that an association with the perennially disappointing Toronto Argonauts wouldn't hurt his direction of the sports-politics drama. *The Team* Though *Sam* Williams's play deals with Australian football, Goring felt

Crimson and *Trudie* (left) on date



Players left to right: Karelle, Rogers, director Goring, MacLean and Acquarola about thumping the opposition?

is not known as a poet, lines like, "The best of good writers, please sit it down," from your friend you know as Mackenzie King, will leave scholars wondering whether he had the knock of satirist—or was just plain bad.

Putting bean waves on the airwaves has made broadcaster-turned-education-officer Kim White a winner. From his tiny studio of *Victoria, B.C.*, affable, the 44-year-old White produces an hour-long syndicated interview show heard on 190 stations, including *Teknolabik*, *N.W.T.*, with the sole purpose of making the dusty doings of science and engineering radishable television entertainment for the layman. "I won't use people who are pompous or stuffy or nar-

that a few potatos from Argonauts Nick Kaino and Rusty Brown, offensive centre Al MacLean and defensive back Sheng Antreys would serve the purpose of authenticity. The Argos became so enthusiastic that they offered to lend her after the play's opening in Toronto this week. "Australian football is different from ours," says Goring, noting the use of a round ball. "And Australians, of course, are noted for their crazed and drunken nature, but other than that there's no basic difference. It's all about thumping the opposition and moving the ball up and down a field."

Garth Schaefer wants into the fan-tastic lives of famous Canadians for a book that the 35-year-old Toronto fashion photographer is preparing. *Todays Cravat* will feature a dramatic session in the half-exposing his collection of wooden angels. "He understood me-



ively what I was talking about," says Schaefer, who tries to get subjects to "get away from their stereotypes." Director Norman Jewison, posed in tender scenes with his livestock, let it be known that he would rather be on a farm than behind a movie camera. And guitarist Liza Boyd liked her romantic fantasy of living in a castle so much that she wants to use it on her next record album cover. Glenn Gould, Anna Murray, Diana Trudie and Camille Brook are also on Schaefer's list. "What I'm doing is the exact opposite of what *Young & Rude* does so well," says Schaefer. "I don't want the public image. I want their personal image, or character, because that's the thing that captures the continuity in their lives."

There are moments when this country needs a trouble-shooter—a blunt instrument—and, by heaven, it's going to have one, says *M.* the single-issue anti-hood of the Brifax secret service, when they need responsibility for reconstituting Agent 007's license to kill in the new *James Bond* book, *Licence Renewed*. The original spy-thriller author, Ian Fleming, died in 1964, and the new series of three Bond books is being written by author John Gutfreund—ex-soldier, ex-alcoholic, ex-theatre critic and creator of the satirical spy series starring blunderboy Boyne Oakes. Beautiful women, cute gadgets and mad scientists remain part of the formula, but Bond has definitely taken a turn toward the middle class. For example, Bond now smokes low-tar cigarettes, has cut back his alcohol intake and has replaced his penile-hungry Bentley with a Saab 900 Turbo. And, though he hardly asserts nuclear holocaust, the famous loose spends are lonely night forays away from a smacking blonde named Lavender Finch—who rewards him with a kiss for good manners.

Cravat (above) is a wooden angel
Fantasy: buddy
Grove (right) a tom-
boy; Fennell
(below) Santa's
little wife



Garth Schaefer (bottom) and Anna Murray

With Charlie's Angels now a thing of the past, the exploitation TV market has been grappling with a host of newcomers, and welcomes 23-year-old Diana Dixon, star of the shaggy entitled *House Buddies*, with open arms. In her first acting role, the former Miss Ontario plays a competitive and by day an aspiring dancer by night. "Diana doesn't do the 'I'm cool' role," says, "but she makes the range of nothing to do with what she really is like." "I guess I've always been a tomboy," she says. "After all, I was the only person my school used to cast the cheerleaders to join the field-hockey team."

Ottawa's Committee for the Removal of Arctic Pollution (CRAP) cheered unanimously last year after the Canada Council Art Bank agreed to remove 11 modern sculptures from the city's scenic Rockcliffe Parkway. "These things were so bad we were salvaging for vigilante groups to be down in front of them mowing equipment so the grass could grow high enough to cover them," says CRAP President Ray Stoen. But this month two of the works of art—sculpted by John Nagy and Cascade, *III* in front of the new Revenue Canada building in St. John's, Nfld., where television director Gerry J. Brown says they're quite hideous. Stoen says he's already negotiating for an Atlantic chapter of CRAP. Brown is not concerned. "Five or six people can get together and drink anything."

—KAREN DE MARINA BULLION

Mixing gas with hot air

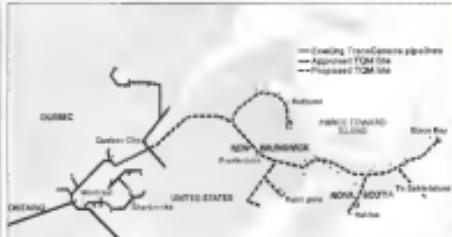
Plans to pipe Alberta gas into the Maritimes meet opposition at NEB

It seems, on the surface, breathtakingly simple: pipe surplus Alberta gas to the energy-starved Maritimes. At one stroke Alberta sells off some of its enormous natural gas surplus, the Maritimes are partly freed from reliance on expensive imported oil, while the federal treasury gets some relief from the sprawling \$3.5 billion it paid in 1980 to cover those high foreign oil bills. Besides that, gas is cheaper than oil so the new energy sources might stimulate industrialization of the chemically depressed Maritimes, as well as creating a lot of construction jobs in the short term.

The murky world of Canadian energy policy is never that simple. For the better part of last week, a battery of expensive lawyers tried to convince the National Energy Board (NEB)—the regulatory agency that has ultimate authority over pipeline construction—that the Maritime pipe might not be such a brilliant idea after all.

The skeptics convening on the board's Ottawa hearings include an odd alliance of petroleum industry lawyers, the province of New Brunswick and another provincial agency, the Alberta Petroleum Marketing Corporation—all of whom hasten to say they are not against a pipeline in principle, just leery of the particular proposal now before the NEB. The petroleum industry and Alberta are afraid that the producers of western natural gas are going to have to pay a disproportionately high share of the cost of the \$1.5-billion project. According to federal energy policy, gas consumers in Halifax should not have to pay more than consumers in Toronto—despite the fact that Alberta gas has to travel 2,450 km farther to get to Halifax, and that the present pipeline ends outside Montreal. Maritime consumers aren't going to pay for these extra shipping kilometers and for the required new construction—who is?

Last year, the NEB approved an extension of the existing line to near Quebec City, but turned down the Maritime link partly out of concern for its "financial viability." Now, the companies that have been negotiating to build the Quebec-Maritime line—plus the public utility commission, have formed a consortium, Trans-Quebec and Maritime Pipelines Inc. (TQMI), and are back before the board. Alberta producers are in no mood to believe any-



Proposed gas pipelines: Wendy Atkinson and Anne Sarge of TQM

argument, then on to Halifax and Quebec City before returning to Ottawa on April 8. But it all may be irrelevant. Federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde has already said the government will legislate the building of a pipeline if the NEB turns down the Maritime proposal a second time. For his part, NEB Chairman Geoffrey Edge opened the hearings by remarking carefully that while federal policy may be "relevant," it is not binding on the board. All of which leads one to wonder how they ever managed to build a railway from sea to sea. —SEAN REILLY

Star of wonder, Star of might

In the Canadian publishing industry—where consolidation seems to be the name of the game—nothing in recent weeks has been more consolidated than Terrier Children's Books. Behind Headlatch's image as the neighborhood bully who wins all the marbles. In a methodical move last week... part of its "strategic plan," Terrier Corporation, the Toronto-based media conglomerate, stepped closer to 100-per-cent control of Hartog Enterprises Ltd., offering \$14.5 million for the 20 per cent of the company it does not already own. Hartog, the publisher of romantic fiction and a success story of gothic proportions, still Terrier's bright control. In 1975, accounted for about 5 per cent of the parent's pretax profits last year, earning \$35.3 million. In a related move on Friday, Terrier sold its major bread-

winning children's book division to the New Brunswick government may be angling Irving, can—ever if indirectly. Next week the hearings move to Freder-

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east interest, a one-third share of Western Broadcasting Co. Ltd of Vancouver, for \$25 million.

Torstar's move to consolidate control of Harcourt may come as no surprise to those familiar with the company's sweet tooth. But neither as predictable, nor as painless, was Torstar's acquisition of the Island chain. Two weeks earlier, it acquired 12 additional community newspapers owned by Island Publishing Co. Ltd., effectively giving Torstar a monopoly in the Metropolitan Toronto market. Torstar, which bought the chain through its wholly owned subsidiary, Mapagran Publishing Ltd., now controls 25 community newspapers with a total weekly circulation of 300,000 stretching from Guelph to Gaspé—but to 20 per cent of the population of Canada. Not to be forgotten is the company's flagship, Canada's largest newspaper, the Toronto Star.

"Island is in good hands," says Douglas Bennett, chairman of Teleglobe Corp., owner of the Island chain. "Mr. Henderich is a brilliant man." Henderich is also a wily man. Two weeks before the Island purchase, Henderich testified at the Kent commission, which since December has been looking into the monopolistic practices of the Canadian newspaper industry. There, Henderich proposed that a press ownership review based on a study proponent owners with the aim of preventing any further concentration in Canada's \$2.5-billion newspaper industry. Henderich's purchase of Island, right under



TV ad winner: daytime drink

And now a word from our sponsor

The hangover from all that scotch and champagne probably needed the triple-strength, fast-acting, time-released, extra-buffered, non-addictive pill that most doctors recommend. For many Canadian advertising agency executives, however, even the scotic pain of the morning after would be a welcome change from the kind of persistent low-grade headache caused by the infinitely more lethal advertising styles of the daytime drunks—men, women and children.

Perhaps it was to be expected that last week's Marketing Awards and Advertising Awards night in Toronto—the ad industry's glitzy equivalent of the Oscar ceremony, considerably the same night and just a few blocks away from the Canadian film industry's Grols Awards (see page 38)—would endorse neither the hard sell of coffee and colas, nor the soft sell of milk. It was almost as if the judges avoided choosing between the two extremes that are con-

stantly palling off in opposite directions as they sifted through the 1,500 entries from 70 radio, newspaper, magazine, billboards and public transit campaigns in 1988. What they honored instead was the conventional middle ground of "catchy" ads for the usual range of products: lotion, shampoo, beer, Charley's Chicken and the like. It was an accurate mirror of the very advertising fraternity that created the ads in the first place—a heavy emphasis on consumer products, particularly American goods made in Canada, a balance between Canadian and U.S.

the nose of the Kent commission, fed suspicions that he acted fast before the commission could propose legislation barring such a take-over.

"The purchase is not something we can ignore," said commission Chairman

Tom Kent, after learning of the Torstar purchase. Kent has since asked Henderich to reappear in the commission hot seat within the next five weeks to explain his actions. There, Henderich may choose to give the advice of preachers who lecture from public pulpits: do as I say, not as I do.

—JANE O'HARA and JAMES DUNWELL

agencies, between big agencies and small and a leaning toward wacky will over serious class. Not that the agencies escaped without a minor piling-on from judging Chairman Gerry Kene, president of the small ad agency of Glavinick & Goss, who entitled many ads for their "empty hearts" "what struck us particularly in so much advertising," he said, referring to his 12 fellow judges, "especially in television, was the lack of ideas."

It's a point where ads showing Nahab coffee attempting to smash the reputation of Maxwell House or Pepsi-Cola attacking Coke-Cola with weird clinical testing techniques, offer better ideas. Or whether pre-announced "Thank you very much, risks" at the opposite extreme, make the point with brilliant subtlety, or even raise it at all. Those ads, and their corresponding spin-offs, will continue to find their way onto the screens. And so off the year's winners, assuring consumers of another year blessed with such gems as purloining Bistro ketchup to the tune of Tipperary, dancing away the greebles with English shampoo and chickens singing the A&W root beer song.

—ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM



Bennett: Chairman of the Star's new owner

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SALES

Love letters from out in right field

By Hal Quine

It's a long drive by yourself from Montreal to West Palm Beach, Fla. The green Mercedes pulled into a tarpaulin gas station and halted alongside another Mercedes, a white one. "If you're going all the way south, why don't you follow me?" the attractive young woman behind the wheel asked. It was Eliana Valentine of the Montreal Expos. It seemed like a good idea, harmless and innocent. But for the six-foot, four-inch outfielder trouble in like a toothed puppy, always following close behind. And so, 800 miles later, the Georgia night came alive, Valentine overhead trailing their searchlights as the carbon-fiber Mercedes, the white one in the lead, had green behind. "I looked up through the window and thought, 'What is this, C.H. C.P.?' It turned out that the white Mercedes was a police, the woman driving it wanted an answer of a different kind. "Then I stopped," Valentine said. "When the police stopped Valentine, the officer asked, 'Is this your Mercedes?' Valentine replied, 'Where you going?' Valentine replied, 'I'm just going to work.'

His work is throwing baseballs from the outfield further, faster, and straighter than almost anyone else, and hitting them as regularly as the game's best. Valentine's modest rebuttal: "It's only amazing to people who can't do it." Not simple things become events in the 30-year-old's life. "It's just that I'm so big. I can't walk into a room without people noticing." He is noticed most often for appearing or not appearing, at baseball parks across North America. In the past two seasons, the Expos of Montreal have played to the end of the season with the pennant of the eastern division of the National League still in sight. They have yet to win it. As exhibition games begin last week at their training camp in West Palm, St. players were in uniform, with one conspicuous absentee from last year, Ron LeFlare, who was supposed to make the difference between second and first place last season. He stole 97 bases, a club record. He now plays for the Chicago White Sox. Even without LeFlare, the Expos remain one of the most talented teams in baseball, and without him more teams will be paid to what the gentle giant in right

field does and doesn't do this season. It was Sept. 21 last year, the pennant race capturing the nation. Driving for a ball in the outfield at Busch Stadium in St. Louis, Valentine sprained his wrist. He did not play again. Privately and publicly he was maligned. Many felt that with Valentine playing, the Expos would have won the pennant. He was accused of taking his injury. "They [management] told me that at 90 per



cent of my capacity I was better than most of the players in this league. I didn't like that. If I wasn't '90%, I didn't want to go out there and hurt the ball club. My team-mates would expect things of me and I didn't want to let them down. That's the way I usually feel, the way I've always felt, and I'm not going to change."

All Valentine had done prior to Sept. 21 was hit for a .318 average, with 18



Outfielder Valentine is a glorious talent marked with his own temperament

home runs and 47 runs batted in. After the first 40 games of last season he was the team's offensive leader, but, in an earlier game against St. Louis, Roy Thomas threw him a fast ball. Valentine didn't duck in time, the pitch fractured his cheekbone, and Valentine missed the next 27 games. When he returned, with a football-like face mask protecting him, he hit his first home run and knocked in 25 runs in 25 games. He then suffered a hip injury and played but bony before driving after that ball in St. Louis.

Through it all, Valentine was doggedly pursued by the media, his every move "hated." "I'd be asked a couple of questions and the next day there I am in the headlines." Nothing has changed. One day early this spring, Valentine didn't take batting practice. The next day the media had him being traded to the New York Yankees. "I'm a very private person living a very public life," Valentine has "thought of walking away from the game many times. It gets to you, it gets to everyone in baseball, not just the players. I'm not a press person, not a TV person. A lot of the guys need to go after it I don't."

Always a gifted athlete, Valentine's baseball career started when "my

mother did something with my birth certificate so I could play with my two-year-olds when I was 1." Eyes brightening, Valentine's smile is infectious. Everyone here congratulates Valentine. "Everyone says, 'And I was a star.' As a teenager I was one of the best high school pitchers in the nation. 'I just love helping them with my arm and winning the game with my bat.' The Expos drafted him as a pitcher/first baseman but, when he reported to camp with a limp from a career-long broken toe that would stay with him for years, "they put me in right field and I've been there ever since. I guess they didn't want to jeopardize their investment."

And he'll be there when the Expos try for the pennant again this season, lifting fans from their seats as he throws out base runners with his awesome arm. ("I'd just love to be a pitcher again. That's what I'd really like.") But as the season goes along, on the field, in the clubhouse or at the wheel of his green Mercedes, Valentine knows that however innocently, harmlessly, "inocile" he likely not far behind. ☺

Eel-like agony in a B.C. pool

Inside Victoria, B.C.'s Crystal Pool, there is chlorine-sweetened pandemonium. Oh, monsieur to the joys of an early West Coast spring, hundreds of swimmers are diving one after another into eight racing lanes. The crowd is shrinking. Coaches are standing tensely over stopwatchs, barking commands, while their alter egos elegantly breaststroke, freestyle, tread water and paddle back and forth. The long muscled-kneed legs first trail, then explode, kicking up waves of angry pounding froth. The freakishly wide shoulders pull. It is the winter national championships, the most important event of the year! The 25-metre course, and 400 swimmers are vying for the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association's gold medals.

The best in Canada, and one who may be the best in the world, are here: Graham Smith, back from the University of Southern California to swim for the University of Calgary's Darryl Steiling, a muscular dynamo going fast out to win is what we'd like to see him last year of competition. Pretty 16-year-old Nancy Gagnon, national swimmer of the year when she was just 15, is also back. "I'm here when I'm comfortable and happy," after three seasons of poor training at the and competing for the Halifax Trojans. Carol Klinge of the Scarborough, Ont., at 27 one of the country's strongest 200-metre freestyleers, has won her event on the first night

of the meet with a 2:00.84 time, making her the sixth fastest in the world. Among the household names, there's one that stands out: Dennis Baumann, who calls Canada's "best amateur swimmer" a rangy 16-year-old from Barrie, Ont., Dennis Baumann.

Since Baumann began his career in 1975, following in the wake of older brother Roman (a 1976 Olympic team breaststroke), Canadian records have dropped before him like flies.

A holder of 24 national and 38 provincial records across four age groups, Baumann is now

age

now after the world's top swimmers. At an early January international swim meet in Garsington, Fla., Baumann outdistanced the American world recordholder Jessie Vassallo and the Soviet champion Alexander Shchorenko to win

the men's 100-metre backstroke.

But Smith won't always be there. Nor will Campese or Klempl. Swimming is a cruel sport requiring absolute dedication, four or more hours of training



Smith (top) and Baumann: the discipline of practice requires someone special



the 400-metres individual medley with a world best time of 1:48.21.

On the first night of the Victoria meet, Baumann stood patiently on deck in a warm-up suit and waited for an awards presentation to finish so he could swim the 200-metre freestyle. He had set a Canadian record of 1:48.80 in the morning heat. Joking with his team-mates in the stands, Baumann stripped down to cap, goggles and suit and stepped onto the block. When the gun cracked, Baumann, slippery as an eel, burst his 10-year-old record and swam the 200-metres in 1:47.83. His new time is 160/100ths of a second off a world best. Since he could do better. The next night, he did. In his 400-metres race Baumann knocked almost three seconds off his world mark. He bettered his Florida time and 31 seconds ahead of Edmonton's Jeff Riddle. "I'm swining for the '88 Olympics," said the blue-eyed, blonde high-schooler with the nicely named cue. Does he have any competitors left in Canada? "Well, Smith is always there," he answered. But Smith won't always be there. Nor will Campese or Klempl. Swimming is a cruel sport requiring absolute dedication, four or more hours of training



McPherson (centre) with outpatients: 'people should know what they are taking'

independents from institutions and medical supervisory. "Patients need self-worth to be able to make their own decisions," says Don Weis, an ex-psychiatric inmate. When they return to the mainstream, most receive other welfare or family benefits, which average about \$600 a month, and medication is free. But many become "re-taking-dead patients, with no will to stay out of hospital," Cappone says. Weis, who a project co-ordinator of Our Own, a 12-year-old Toronto self-help association, believes patients have support to make it. "Community services are a cruel joke. There are no 24-hour crisis centres."

To fight their dependence on drugs and institutions, many outpatients turn to self-help groups like On Our Own, which also operates a drop-in centre and a store called The Mad Market. In Parkdale Cappone says that only eight of these appear on the Queen Street Mental Health Centre's recommended housing list. Weis adds that many of the houses that impose curfews are like "mini-psychiatric institutions, and the apartments are patronizing by treating the patients like kids." One solution to the accommodation problem is HeadLink, a co-operative housing project of 20 units run by patients.

While Cappone is dubious about the strike's impact on the public, the boycott did influence some patients. Of the 3,000 outpatients, 80 went on strike, along with two at the Mental Health Centre. One inmate was Dennis MacKenzie, who was told to take his pills or leave. He left. "They are now questioning the use of drugs," says Cappone, adding that if there is another way, a different therapy. This is exactly the kind of result the action group was hoping for. Weis adds, "If we are going to get anywhere, we have to do it ourselves." —Barbara Mackay

or medication. "But we do think people should know what they are taking." Recent issues have included articles on women and drugs, and electroshock therapy.

By far the most pressing problem for outpatients is good housing. About half the Toronto outpatient population live in 60 overpriced boarding houses in Parkdale. Cappone says that only eight of these appear on the Queen Street Mental Health Centre's recommended housing list. Weis adds that many of the houses that impose curfews are like "mini-psychiatric institutions, and the apartments are patronizing by treating the patients like kids." One solution to the accommodation problem is HeadLink, a co-operative housing project of 20 units run by patients.

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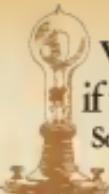
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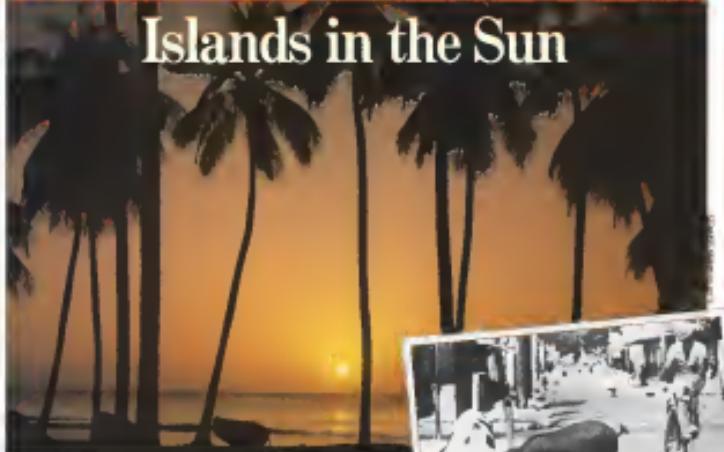
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TRAVEL

Islands in the Sun



Trouble clouds the horizon in paradise

By Thomas Hopkins
and Jane O'Hara

In the ministry of runways at Hewanorra airport, a CF Air Jamaica made a stop. Along with the odd airplane smell of alcohol and fatigue, the plane exhaled 400 Canadians who, as beluga whales, awed in winter clothes and already shivering a coliphage sheen of sweat, on their faces. They bang, shuffle and low like cattle as they wait for bags. Then, silent unnoticed, two girls, care clerks from Saskatoon, change into their silting dresses. An orchid appears in the hair. A smile is exchanged. A vacation has begun on an island in the sun.

Last year, about 800,000 Canadians beatified their winter blists in the nearest snowbank and headed south to the islands. For westerners, that refinably means Hawaii. For easterners, the wistful vacation was made fresh in the Bahamas. Between or on a Caribbean island like Barbados, where the sun is poured with a heavy calypso load, where the beaches feel like baby powder, and where, an any morning, at least one group of Canadians can be found tanned in silk Loring and the CBC radio news before getting out to snorkel.

Sunset in Barbados (top); poverty in the streets of Kingston, Jamaica, (top right); Jamaican police rescue wounded men as sacred as Hockey Night in Canada

In recent months, however, tourism has dropped on the islands, throwing officials into a restrained panic. "What kind of bad stories have you been writing about us up there?" asked one tour agent in St. Lucia flushed with an awesome vacancy rate. In Hawaii, where airline landings have slipped 20 per cent this year, the much-repeated increase in rates (see box, page 46) has caused Canadians to think twice about spending their tourist dollars down among the sheltering kahaks in the Caribbean—a geopolitical paper place where Third World problems of unemployment, poverty and political unrest are walking macaws edge—though we march the same. According to tourism officials there, the heady 15- to 15.5-per-cent annual growth rates of the '80s have dwindled due to rising air fares, hotel and food prices. "These people could be pricing themselves right out of business," said Cyril Warrener, a Wimpy's civil servant, who with his wife spent \$4,000 in two weeks in Barbados.

TO: Mark Johnson

10

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TO: Mark Johnson

13

and surf on the islands continue to be more of a novelty than a Canada Savings Bond, most Canadians returning from the islands paint a clearer picture. All is not perfect in paradise, after all.

In another impossible evening in Barbados, The Sun is down, the moon is up and the smell of so much tropical flora is in the air that it seems even the pina coladas must be known. Above it all, on the open veranda of a halibut restaurant overlooking Bridgetown's harbor, Frank Brown, a 56-year-old businessman from Bracebridge, Ont., sits transported. As his sofa creaks under the Royal palms, Brown might easily be mistaken for a master painter dispatched to the tea room in the byplay of the British Raj. But when he announces the end, the idyll begins to fade. Like most Canadian tourists staying in the Caribbean these days, Brown must pay for his fantasy, even if it means putting it on credit.

"I love it here," says Brown, who spent \$3,000 in two weeks on the island

dant rats forest of Martiniere Slipping aboard the eight-seater Islander aircraft at Barbados airport, they explained their choices. "We work only so that we can holiday," said Yvonne, a butcher. "This trip to Barbados will cost us about \$3,500 for two weeks. We want to go to Martinique just to have a look, so we are planning a trip there next year."

The July 14er cruise ship, where the rum punch is legendary and every night including sex in the crew's nests is heralded, Sandra Caldwell, 24, of Toronto has just been married by a mock captain's elopement to a vacationing British soldier she has barely been introduced to. Her sister, Cindy, sun-darkened as a sauced coffee bean, looks on. "We've flown about \$2,500 down here," she says, "and it's been worth every penny." But Caldwell's enthusiasm is not uni-

versal. With higher prices, they are beginning to have an effect on the once invincible loyalty Canadians felt toward Caribbean islands. Over the past 20 years the east Caribbean—a string of 13 major islands—has been the beneficiary of more than \$300 million in Canadian foreign aid and \$1 billion in private Canadian investment.

From his small office, no 90 meters from the sound of the soft-sounding surf, Patrick Hind, the Barbadian director of tourism, keeps watch on Caribbean tourist statistics the way a earth-shigkeit monitors a heartbeats. Outside, under a fierce sun, visitors in their 90-day rented cars tour the island's maze of limestone arteries in the northern stretch of the island, where the canyons are as high as an elephant's eye and the annual rainfall drops dramatically.

Tony Gabriel with family (below). Most condominiums like New York Residences

while his wife "stayed home with the dogs." But since his first visit 18 years ago, he has noticed a change. "At first, it was nothing but the heat of service. Now, half the people are having their arms for us. The other half don't want us. It's not the same."

The message is clear, but it's from a Toronto couple complaining about a \$9 plate of spaghetti, or from Ottawa Rough Rider Tony Gabriel, who described the \$1,500 (per week) apartment he had rented as "a dump." Paradise doesn't come cheap these days. Prices for package tours to the Caribbean have increased by as much as 84 per cent over the past five years. Of course, there are always those who will fit in the face of all economic intelligence. Two such people are Renee Plog and her boy-friend, Yvon Blantheit, of St. Damascus, Que., who recently spent \$250 to tour the eastern brine-and-bacchus boutiques and the vari-

ously absurd. "We came here to get tanned, not buried," said Carol Carson, 24, of Thorold, Ont., who filed off a library of complaints about the island, including one that she and her husband had \$200 worth while standing on the beach. By comparison with Carrie and David MacLean of Toronto, the Carsons get off easy. The MacLeans had come to Barbados this year after living for two years of holidays in the political teacup of Jamaica (where, for the first 23 months of 1980, the murder rate skyrocketed to 742 from 291 the previous year). "We had heard Barbados was the safest island of all," said Carol, "but the first night here we wake up and found a burglar in our room. I spent the rest of the week with a knot in my stomach. Next year we may try Florida."

Individuals like these can buy anywhere, of course. But increasingly,



from the \$2,000 earned yearly by Bajan urban dwellers, Torontonian Graham Carson is confronted by a group of unformed schoolchildren who call him "booky" and "clear eyes." Carson's anger is anything but muted. "I used a big book to come here, but not to be insulted," he says. On the nearby beaches, black Bajan boys sell their sexual wares like oral trinkets. A few faded blouses are laying, other women are bathed by the constant propitiating. Hind is aware of all the nagging complaints of tourists, although, as in the case of Sankofa's Tim

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THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

Berthocean—who vowed that he missed his TV—there is little blinds can do about some of them.

That Barbados is considered one of the safer islands in the Caribbean is obvious to anyone who has read reports of the terrorist bombings in Martinique or of the recent kidnapping of a wealthy American couple in poverty-stricken Dominica which precipitated a state of emergency on the island. It is also relatively affluent compared with an island like Haiti, where a package deal can be had cheap, but where the backlog of street urinals can be enough to put high-flying tourists of their beans. Despite still, given all Barbados has to offer as a Robinson Crusoe fantasy land, tourism has not expanded according to plan in 1980, tourism brought in \$470 million but was up only 2 per cent over 1979, while the government was banking on a 10-per-cent hike. In 1979, 82,000 Canadians made their way to Barbados—more than any other nationality including Americans—but in 1980 the numbers had dropped to 81,936. "We don't see much of a change for '81," says Hinchliffe gleefully.

Trouble in paradise

IT IS 8 a.m. on a still Sunday in the town of Lihue on the verdant Hawaiian island of Kauai. Already the equatorial sun presses on the face and the heat is like a blow deep in the chest. A lone four-wheel drive counts down the deserted main street. Suddenly, an Hawaiian police officer, dressed in a tattered uniform, yells and screams, "F---ing Hawaii [white]!" to the knot of startled tourists. The tanned pauper and pretty two-age girls in the back cover their faces and scream.

For the visitor to Hawaii, it is not the words that are disturbing but their participation with the calm and peace he thought he had found. The scene is a convenient symbol for the new dirty little secret of island tourism: violent crime.

Although the vast majority of Canadians traveling to the tropical ghettos or Pacific Islands find the routine and scrupulous numbers they pay for, increasing numbers are experiencing the deceptively frightening of petty thievery, assaults and worse. Hawaii has too often become a trouble spot in paradise for some Canadian tourists.

• In January, 1980, Roger Clapham, an Aldergrove, B.C., housewife, and his family were attacked for no reason by 10 young Hawaiians at a campsite on Kauai. Clapham was brutally beaten. The only man charged was acquitted.

• Also in January, Robert Stephenson, 39, from Prince Rupert, B.C., was shot

Northern islands like Barbados, Bermuda and the Bahamas have little to compare with the pernicious state of the industry on other islands, in Grenada and St. Vincent, tourists was as blighted last year that officials stopped putting out statistics for fear it would scare more tourists away. In Grenada, a volatile paradise of unquenched beauty, Cuban financing and manpower is helping to build a new airport which will reportedly restore the tourist trade. But, at present, the People's Revolutionary Government of Maurice Bishop, which came to power in a military coup in 1979, is doing little to en-

courage tourism. "We haven't been able to sell a tour there for two months," said Brian Warlock, a tour guide with Island Hoppers in Barbados. "The last tour we sent there was upset when Cuban soldiers carrying Russian rifles stripped them from photographing Grand Etang, one of the main tourist attractions."

In Western Canada, the traditional loyalty to Hawaii is also being sorely tested. One sign—the two inter-island airlines, Aloha and Hawaiian, are off 9.5 and 13.3 per cent respectively. "Travel to Hawaii from this area [Calgary] is off this year," says Isobel Whitehead, president of the Alliance of Canadian Travel Associations. While island officials pri-

marily blame the drop on a recession in the American Midwest, and while last year saw as many Canadians Hawaii-bound as the previous year, there is no doubt that recent violent crimes are making many Canadians rethink that five-hour jumbo jet ride to the sun.

The ones who do go are an independent crew. Fully 67 per cent of Canadian visitors to the necklaces of eight major Hawaiian islands are so-called Pros and

Guests: near-long walks and ocean swims



Carson, Sandra and Cathy Cashwell on the Isle of Pines (above); Patti and Blanche checking out Martinique. Below: boys sell their natural wares like coral trinkets.

agents and building pains of native Hawaiians can generally be avoided, and both Moosehead Beer from New Brunswick and Cherries can be found on airways plane shelves.

Indeed, Maui has become something of a Canadian colony. It was 1961 when self-styled "Vancouver" lumberjack Gordon Gibson became \$80,000 for 30 years. Maui grows around the village of Kihuna, a tiny town and gateway to the island. Today, it is a bustling town of 10,000. The next day's local headline was predictable: INCREASING CANADIAN DOUBLE LAND VALUES IN KIHAUNA. In 1980, when Gibson opened his resort of Maui Inn at the Kihuna site, there was only one other resort operation on the island. Today there are 75 hotels and condominiums along the beach beaches, and an estimated 25 to 30 per cent of the condos are owned by Canadians. (Sightseeing on the Papaya Resort swallow, a young native Hawaiian groundbreaking says smugly, "You come back in five years, map, this island is gonna rock.") Although Gibson, so-called Bob of the B.C. woods, sold the B.C.-style Maui Inn to Calgary-based Nu-West Development Corporation Ltd. last 1977, the two B.C. totem poles that watch the sunset on the beach in front of the resort remain.

For younger, more adventurous tourists such as Vancouverites James McPherson, 23, and Janet Vladichuk, 27, the kios is extravagant beauty. Late in January they paddled their bright yellow kayak up the placid Kalihiwai River on the wild north shore of the island of Kauai, 140 km from Honolulu. With Hawaiian guide Mike McLean of Island Activities Ltd., they stroked past guava trees and under the radiating branches of monkey pods. They headed down six miles in a row, the man attraction is the sparkling in pristine waters. Another attraction is soothie family. The distorting recent



Prost (above): attacked Japanese (top) friend Evans with friends Douglas vision



Honolulu Mayor Frank Fasi journeyed to Vancouver in September to rescue the poet. Significantly, however, he made the trip after being ousted from the mayoralty by a hand-and-chair candidate. Still, Hawaiian insist that violence on the islands is as worse than anywhere else in the U.S. and by using the same cut-throat sense tourists would employ at home, visitors can avoid trouble. Says Ellen Pratt, 24, from Victoria, B.C., who has lived in Honolulu off and on for four years, "I've never had any problems. I wouldn't live here if I had." Many see the calmer as the rosy Goan-like vision of grass huts, smiling natives and trade winds said in the glossy brochures of the Hawaiian Visitors Bureau. "Hawaii never was a paradise," quips Ron Youngblood, nine-year resident and editor of the weekly *Maui Sun*. "Most of the green you see on Maui today was planted." Says Scott MacDonald, manager of Maui's Canadian-owned Maui Inn resort, "The bad press might not be all that bad; that's a thing if it makes people come here a little more prepared." —T.H.

dois, however, bad press—spurred on by fear of million tourists tomorrow a year swayed the island's multi-cultural population of about one million Hawaii visitors, who are losing their homes and digging further into the minority as more mainland whites move permanently to the island, find the movement a half-life, for their anger. Worse, there is a disturbing tolerance of the violence by other less peaceful Hawaiians upset at the loss of their heritage to each off-islander.

Just two weeks ago, a group of Japanese tourists had barely arrived at the Honolulu airport when their bus was hijacked by armed gunmen and their passengers stolen before they were released. Still, Hawaiian insist that violence on the islands is as worse than anywhere else in the U.S. and by using the same cut-throat sense tourists would employ at home, visitors can avoid trouble. Says Ellen Pratt, 24, from Victoria, B.C., who has lived in Honolulu off and on for four years, "I've never had any problems. I wouldn't live here if I had." Many see the calmer as the rosy Goan-like vision of grass huts, smiling natives and trade winds said in the glossy brochures of the Hawaiian Visitors Bureau. "Hawaii never was a paradise," quips Ron Youngblood, nine-year resident and editor of the weekly *Maui Sun*. "Most of the green you see on Maui today was planted." Says Scott Mac-Donald, manager of Maui's Canadian-owned Maui Inn resort, "The bad press might not be all that bad; that's a thing if it makes people come here a little more prepared." —T.H.



Independent Travelers (top), entertainers in package tours, even as reduced tariffs. Their mean age is 41, their income a robust \$46,000 to \$50,000, although they spend only \$55 (U.S.) a day compared to \$84 for Americans or \$77 for the Japanese.

As many as 150,000 of the sun-seeking Canadians will end up on the fish-shaped island of Maui, 30 minutes by air from Honolulu. With only 12 traffic lights and a permanent population of 60,000, the volcano-dominated island spreads out itswards for the older, tiring eight-kilometre golf courses, some 120 luxury condominiums, sprawling in resort areas such as Kaanapali and starting scenery like the harrowing drive to the rain forest village of Hana. For Kenneth Guest, retired insurance salesman from Nanaimo, B.C., down for six weeks, Hawaiian tonics include an hour-long walk and the easy conversation of friends he has made over the 12 years he has been coming to the islands. For Biffie switchboard installer Bill Bartlett, who has visited Maui six years in a row, the main attraction is the snorkeling in pristine waters. Another attraction is soothie family. The distorting recent

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The Board of Trustees is responsible for recommending candidates to the Canadian Government which makes the final decision.

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Canada

out of her hair (originally fanned a short distance away). After an icy swim ("I only bring Canadians here," laughed a deeply tanned McLeanman), cheese and bread are passed around. Everywhere, cracked and jumbled, something is growing and patching from the olive-red soil.

For the night and the single, there is sensuality of another sort. At 2:30 in the heavy warming darkness, Webb embraces as engaged outside the Observatory Disco in Kapaa down the Kauai coast. She dances clapping to legs in the damp and bodies are nestled over fenders of parked cars. As he leaves, Uwe Spafford, 37, an armed forces captain stationed in Sagittarius, Utah, says with exasperation: "It almost drove me crazy. I met five girls and their names all started with L." A weary Observatory owner, Lyman Yocomate, watches: "It's the vacation atmosphere," he shrugs as headlights cut into the fat surf across the street. "You're never going to see these girls again."

As in the Caribbean, not everyone is pleased, however. Colleen Sinclair, 21, and Maia Branson, 21, of Vancouver Island's Port McNeill, single mothers on their first vacation without kids in tow, are among the few. "We were scared to death," says Sinclair. "We heard stories and the battlements of Maui residents line file tournaments on New York's lower east side. The Canadian owners of some of those condominiums might be equally unhappy, pondering the fact that about 2,000 condos are now languishing in a flat real estate market. Still, they might take comfort watching surfers from the wind-swept crest of Maui's D.T. Fleming Park, while above the beach middle-aged tourists in baseball caps and clip-on sunglasses turn and leer themselves into the vast moving fast of Japanese sun-seers that ring the islands like a necklace (Budget alone has 900 cars on Maui.) On their way back to Lahaina, Kaanapali, Waikiki or any of the other gorgeous wavel-sheathed Hawaiian towns, preparing for home, the visitor can stop and pick up a Vietnamese Ban at the local grocery store... to check the weather.

At Honolulu airport on the way back to winter, a lady surprisingly checks a tax by comparing it to the whiteness on the underside of her arm. It is a comic contraption, but she appears to be pleased. Others, pale the newspaper red tops of feet and backs, wincing delicately as if the slightest jerk would cause the flesh to buckle and crack. A small group stands silent in a last diminishing bar of sunlight, faces upturned like flowers. Like summer camp, now near-vanished, such as Whistler's Cec Winter, watch pale askward arrivals flood off the plane as if they were Martians. The revolving doors sometimes despite all obstacles. For heat and fragrance and islands in the sun. ☐

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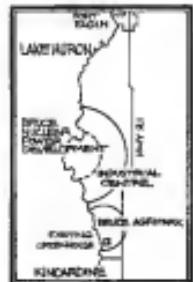


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Out, out, damned spots

Canada lags behind the U.S. effort to eradicate measles



By Lia Guelone

The four-year-old boy was already severely ill when admitted to Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children with classic symptoms of encephalitis, extreme lethargy, fixed and dilated pupils, then severe convulsions and, finally, coma. During the night, the child began to experience cardiovascular collapse, by morning he was dead of cardiac arrest. "All that," said Dr. Crawford Anglin, a pediatrician at Sick Children's, "because he hadn't had a 50-cent shot of vaccine." The encephalitis had developed out of a single case of red measles (rubella) caught from his older sister 10 days earlier.

Indeed, rubella is not the "simple" disease that most adults perceive it to be. There can be disastrous complications: encephalitis can cause brain damage, middle-ear infections are a cause of deafness, and pneumonia develops in one out of 10 measles cases. These after-effects become all the more lamentable because the disease could be eradicated completely, in much the same manner as smallpox. Such an effort is currently under way in the U.S., where a target date of October, 1982, has been set for elimination of the disease. But in Canada, the politics of public health



Shapiro: frustration with politicians

and the public's perception of the disease appear to have impeded a stellar campaign.

The American results prove that measles can be controlled. An all-time low of 13,439 cases was reported in 1980, with only six measles deaths (a 99.5-per-cent decline from pre-vaccine years before 1980). With 75 per cent of American counties now measles-free, health authorities in the U.S. are optimistic about meeting their target date. But in Canada, the politics of public health

measles represents an epidemic," says Dr. Alan Hinman, director of immunization at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Ga.

In contrast, Canada, with less than one-tenth of the population of the U.S., registered 10,967 cases of measles in 1980, almost as many as the entire U.S. Much of the blame for the high Canadian figure has been ascribed to an ineffective "killed" vaccine that was administered to thousands of children in the late 1960s, after a more potent "live" vaccine was abandoned for causing adverse reactions. The killed vaccine, in which the virus had been chemically inactivated but still stimulated the production of antibodies, compensated its weakness in the Canadian measles epidemic of 1979, when 22,023 cases were reported. But as epidemiological studies were slowly turned to from across Canada, another, more subtle culprit began to emerge: low immunization levels in pockets of other provinces. According to Dr. Stanislaw Azar of the Laboratory Centre for Disease Control in Ottawa, about half the cases in the 1979 epidemic were children under 10 years of age, who were too young to have received the ineffective vaccine of the late 1960s.

Today's measles vaccine is live but attenuated, or thinned. However, a vaccine's capacity to protect the entire community depends not only on how effective it is but on how many children receive it. And according to the American experience, even efficiently run voluntary programs reach only 70 per cent of the susceptible population. "Measles just doesn't have a high foot quantum," explains Hinman. Consequently, only compulsory immunization seems to keep the red spots at bay.

The major factor in the success of the American immunization programs has been the school-entry legislation that prevents children from being admitted to public schools without proof of immunization. But this idea has drawn little support in Canada. Last year, when the National Advisory Committee on Immunization (NACI) asked the provincial health ministries if they were in favor of school entry legislation, the answer was "yes, we, eight now and a maybe," according to Dr. Alastair Clayton, NACI member and head of Ottawa's Institute. But without any financial levers to pull in its dealings with the provinces, the National Advisory Committee on Immunization in just what its name implies, advisory.

And that advice is obviously not well-heeded by the health ministries in most of Canada's 10 provinces, where spokesmen explain that immunization must remain voluntary, they say, because anything more is "coercive," "compulsory" and a basic violation of

Decriminalization of Marijuana. Let's understand all of the issues before it gets carved in tablets of stone.



Sometime in 1981, the House of Commons will debate a bill which will criminalize the possession of marijuana.

If this legislation is subsequently passed into law, the act of possessing marijuana will be changed from a crime to a simple misdemeanor.

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While the bill does not entirely legalize the act of smoking grass, the vast majority of people will interpret it as if it did.

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It's not our business to be either for or against decriminalization of marijuana.

That's up to Parliament.

But it is our business to be against needless death and injury on the highways. From where we sit, we have a horrifyingly first-hand view of the increasing waste of life and money caused by road accidents and we know it has to be stopped.

So before Parliament passes a bill that may cause a road safety hazard as serious as that of alcohol, let's at least understand and discuss the issues.

Let's ask ourselves and our elected representatives if we have enough facts to justify such a far-reaching move at this time.

If, in our enthusiasm for freeing young people from the stigma of a criminal record, we aren't at the same time condemning them to a self-inflicted death.

And equally to the point, if laws as they apply to cannabis should not be changed to mirror existing statutes that provide stiff penalties for carrying open bottles of liquor or beer in a motor vehicle.

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MICHAELE: The real issue is money

fundamental freedom. Dr. Joseph Jasse, medical officer of health in Waterloo, Ont., says emphatically: "We would be failing in our job, which is to educate the public, if we had to permit people to be blacklisted."

In Toronto, a school-board resolution was recently made public in 1978 by Toronto's city council, only to be vetoed by the Ontario ministry of health. "It's frustrating," says Jack Shemesh, chairman of the board of health. "To have had such a favorable resolution from the community on the resolution and the full support of the medical profession, and then to have the guys across the street in Queen's Park aviation their opposition to compulsory immunization."

For sure, the question of compulsory immunization raises the issue of freedom. Dr. Richard Mathias, an epidemiologist with the British Columbia ministry of health, points out that Canada has had compulsory immunization with smallpox since 1905. "What is at issue," says Mathias, "is 'political' courage. No government in Canada has made the commitment to eliminate measles, and that commitment means, more than anything else, money." The funding is needed for the manpower and resources to immunize not only school entrants, but also for thousands of older children still susceptible. Current immunization levels guarantee, warns Michale, that measles will again become epidemic in Canada, "maybe not every two years as in the past, but surely every five to seven years."

Despite the apparent success of the American attempt to eliminate measles, a profound skepticism still lingers in Canada about compulsory vaccination. But the dangers of measles may be too pressing to ignore. As Mathias explains: "It is a risk and a gamble—but even if we fail, we should try not to be in cowardice of the first magnitude." □

JUSTICE

Closing the apartment door to bad risks

Two landlord associations blacklist delinquent tenants

By Ann Walmsley

David Shemesh believes his life has been threatened by enraged tenants five times—often enough so that he carries a 20-gauge shotgun. The Sarnia hospital chief has been a full-time landlord for only three years, but his frustrating experience with a delinquent tenant, who caused him to lose \$10,000 and sell his rental triple, has thrust him into a battle for landlords' rights. Last year, Shemesh founded the Ontario Landlords' Association (OLA), representing more than 1,100 members, which is now growing in momentum and impact. The majority are attacked by the association's Manifesto of 2,000 delinquent tenants and more specifically, welfare recipients. Says Shemesh: "What we landlords would like to do with all these welfare recipients is put them on Three Mile Island and let them dig out the radioactive material."

The Ontario Landlords' Association's biggest of tenants as social assistance and the circulation of a blacklist begins in December, 1979, as a lobbying tactic for the right to guarantee welfare tenants' cheques when they range on the rent, and to sue for arrears. Shemesh claims that many of the province's 115,000 welfare recipients are defaulting, and until the Provincial Benefits Act is altered to protect the landlords they are harassing.

The blacklist, or "referred list," as the OLA prefers to call it, records the tenant's name and the code of the landlord who reported him. Landlords pay up to \$100 for the membership and access to the list. Although the tenant's transmission is not mentioned, the fact that he or she is on the list suggests to a bad tenant, guilty of either delinquency or vagrancy.

Landlord and tenant lawyers say the very existence of a list creates a climate of fear among tenants. "The usual right of a tenant to withhold rent in order to negotiate with the landlord to make repair disappear," says Ron Hale, staff lawyer at Toronto's Bay Legal in Toronto. Jane Robinson, 31, a Sarnia mother who was on Provincial Benefits until recently, says: "The way I got on the blacklist, was refusing to pay the rent until the landlord had the plugged-up

bathtub and sink. He didn't. I moved out, and then he blacklisted me. I've been to five or 10 different apartments and have been told at some, 'Sorry, you're on the blacklist.'"

Poised by the support from landlords in the province and elsewhere in Canada, Shemesh is now facing a crisis in his operation: the fine line between lobbying activities and promari-

neous social activism, damages to the premises and imperiling the safety of other tenants. But evictions can take up to six months, causing an accumulation of lost revenue and legal costs of up to \$900.

This is also the major complaint of the Manitoba Landlords' Association (MLA), and it, too, is threatening to start a need-rent payment. Like Shemesh's group, the MLA measures a tenant rating system with more than 4,000 names. One-half of them, alleged delinquent tenants, President Sidney Silverman says that the MLA has shared the proceeds of memberships that system at a 50-50 split by agreeing that it's an infernal operation and allows tenants to tether their dogs to a \$2 fee.

Silverman's position, however, does not enjoy full support from all landlords' associations in Canada. Jack



SHEMESH: Landlords are harassing



Hayes, executive director of the Royal Housing Council of B.C., recalls that two years ago the council rebuffed an attempt to set up a blacklist system. "We will not have any part of any blacklist system," says Hayes. "There are licensed credit agencies to record information, and in fact that's what we use."

In the meantime, a legitimate complaint against the OLA could set off prosecution by the ministry which might result in lengthy fines and jail terms for those involved. As well, proposed amendments to the Ontario Human Rights Code, which will probably be passed after the provincial election this month, will prohibit discrimination by landlords because you may turn down a good tenant with the same name as a blacklisted tenant.

The landlords, in turn, argue that they are the real victims of discrimination—that the law is pro-tenant and the court remedies are too long and expensive. In Ontario, the grounds for evic-

A feast of that good old humble pie

THE COMPANY OF WOMEN
by Mary Gordon
(Random House, \$16.95)

Mary Gordon has been learning the art of neighborhooding. The fabric is new and occasionally sprouts big, brilliant flowers, but the structure is solid, old-fashioned—that same comfortable armchair, the woman's novel. This wouldn't be anything to complain about. There is a sense, maybe, far-reaching need. We are, surely! but for it: being a betrayed of gifts. Gordon's first novel, *Final Jeopardy*

ordinary happiness. Their lives are like tales of disaster and gossiping about the beauty parlor and cigarette smoke and laughter. Charlotte, the dear soul, such a practical woman, had to work all her life because she lost Frank, poor boy, three months after Felicitas was born. Now Elizabeth, her husband was a dead-drunk and then you know her little boy died, but she's still just a southern belle, her head in the clouds. Marcella, she's an old spinster as bitter as gooseberry pie, and always thinking wretched thoughts. "It was blood" then meant when they said women. She could

intend to mean is what men do to women, not the workings of a unique soul. So Felicitas drops Greek for political science and immediately falls in love ("this is desire, she thought, staring") with her gorgeous but truly stupid professor ("God, how I wish I'd been born Third World," he says) who has his own little hippie harem of female students (a low-comedy version of Cyprian's for symmetry's sake) and not only breaks her heart but gets her pregnant. And there she is, Marcella, who should be making her mark out there demonstrating with the other anti-Vietnam protesters, giving hours of shame to the press and the women and Cyprian. "She was helpless before history, she was helpless before the captain of her own body. She wondered if she should stop the cab and join the marchers. But there was no place for her among them. She was going to have a child."

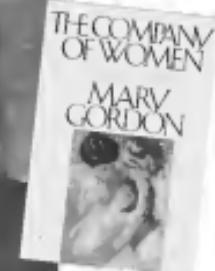
The Company of Women unquestionably is a novel about God and love and hard truths, but its ideas are like bows on a shabby parcel. What it teaches is a subversive humility. Don't try, it says, just sit still letting those little heads of snobbery and entitlement, as locusts of unhappiness. Felicitas returns to live among the people who raised her, her child now their hope, reassuring herself, "And I go on... I do less harm than good." Elizabeth prays, "Let things stay as they are." From Charlotte: "Consd'ing what men put up with, we could do a lot worse." And even Cyprian, the fierce, ambitious teacher after God's loss, has come to terms: "I have had to learn ordinary happiness, and from ordinary happiness, the first real peace of my life, my life which I had wanted full of splendor." Merry, Mary, pass another slice of that nose cake. It goes so well with coffee with the girls.

—ANNE COLLINS



women, promised some fish-taking, some irreverent insights about men, women, God, priests. Catholics and women's needs. Here, Gordon has willfully strangled her obvious talents to have something like these. "Surely all women are born knowing the men they love could kill them in a minute... that we are always in peril. This is the source of our desire for obedience, of the reverberant knock, for giving in."

That is Felicitas talking at the end of the novel, chastened and wearing the self or omniscient female voice. Felicitas is the heart of the book, the young girl at the centre of the lives of no fewer than five bereft women, the last hope, too, of Cyprian, their disenchanted priest and mentor. These women and spinsterettes have been cheated of



Gordon's a betrayed of gifts

imagine in her body a dry slot of blood, like the rice on the plate around meat that had been left out." No woman is left unturned in these characterizations as long as Gordon can find a cliché under it.

It is interesting (in the way it is interesting to watch a skivvy slob) to see how readily she sells her characters out for the sake of convention. At 14, in Part 1 of the book, Felicitas is the beloved of all these eyes, a little tough, a little spoilt, above all smart. She talks theology with Cyprian, knows her Latin and her God, knows above all else that she is not ordinary and does not deserve to be Part 2, set in 1969 with Felicitas at Cokewalk in New York City, should see this charmed minister unleashed upon the world, but who, what's

Conned into a state of despair

CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT
by William S. Burroughs
(Soft, Arkwright & Weston, £18.95)

A bandon hope all who enter here. Proceed at a slow steady crawl, all feelers out and waving. Cast aside conventional wisdom—what the author should do, what the reader should do, who says what to whom. For William S. Burroughs, as he has told us

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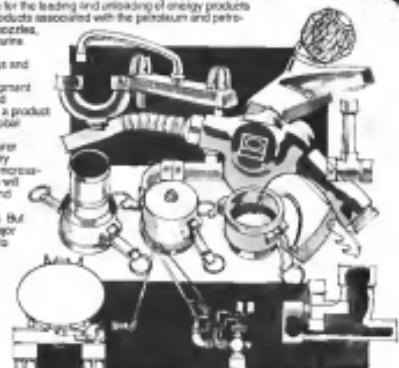
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repeatedly and demonstrated to the point of nausea in his novels. "Nothing is true. Everything is permitted."

For a time you will forget this warning. The beginning of *Childs of the Red Night* lulls you into a comfortable, seduced sense of security. Why, this is a thriller about a ancient plague that is wiping out mankind, a mutating sex virus that is the heritage of an mysterious cities in the Gobi desert destroyed in a hundreds-of-thousands-of-years-old nuclear war? True, there is something kind of weird about it this virus, which has truly weird sexual symptoms, called the "fetish virus," everyone drooling, masturbating, and/or bestiality, but there are easily identifiable sexual predators and biggards. Burroughs, at 65, might have well-known, age has mellowed some of the dry ice in his eyes. This is still the *Naked Lunch* virus ("that frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of every fork") but he seems to be offering us, at last, a way to digest.

His love is the nation of stupors—William Burroughs, the most wicked satirist of the 20th century, playing at saving graces. His starting point is the "retroactive Utopia" of a real 18th-century pirate, Captain Mision, who founded a colony called Liberia on the coast of Madagascar where men at odds with the world could come to live under a set of articles that guaranteed them freedom from debt and slavery, freedom of religion and from the "tyranny of government." Captain Mision, of course, was killed, his articles being too unrealistic for ruling powers, but

MACLEAN'S BESTSELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Command*, Macmillan (U)
- 2 *The Key to Rebecca*, Follett (U)
- 3 *Come Pour the Wine*, Prentiss (U)
- 4 *Flypaper*, Follett (U)
- 5 *The Guests of Africa*, Random (U)
- 6 *XPL*, Doubleday (U)
- 7 *Haus of Angels*, Scribner (U)
- 8 *Abolition*, MacLean (U)
- 9 *Answer as a Man*, Collier (U)
- 10 *Values in Time*, Macmillan (U)

Nonfiction

- 1 *Crisis Investing*, Clegg (U)
- 2 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Zinsser (U)
- 3 *The Northern Magus*, Gove (U)
- 4 *Cold Spring*, Pringle (U)
- 5 *The Coming Currency Collapse*, Sassi (U)
- 6 *The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813*, Berlin (U)
- 7 *The Little Immigrants*, Baquell (U)
- 8 *The Montreal Canadiens*, Morin (U)
- 9 *The Last Mathew*, Denner (U)

(1) Previous best week



Burroughs only one drug he can't score

Burroughs resurrects him is the body of a garage owner Captain Strode and his army of homosexual big, remorseless, all-thin hopped end endlessly.

The exploits of Strode and crew are told in the before-the-curtain-style diary of one of the boy cronies, Noah Blithe, a grammar schooler, firecracker, roofer, who goes off to garrison the edge over the Spanish in freezing South America from colonial rule. Interwoven with the boy's war is a parallel narrative set in the '50s, a detective story starring Clem Strode, the "private anabole" (who popped up in earlier novels). He has been hired to find two missing boys and discover instead the virus and a cast of bad actors—childless, lasters, murderers and hangmen. With senseless slight of hand, the village pop from century to century and both Strode and the boy crew are set to get them. This is a righteous war, like one conducted against cockroaches, and all the structural signs of the detective novel and the boys' adventure story allow the reader to think that justice will be done. Quite deliberately, Burroughs sets us up as happy warriors in a just war—the better to manipulate us into a maximum state of despair. For in the last third, the book itself gets infected with the virus as the narrative explodes into pieces and all the characters meet

in the time-warped Cities of the Red Night. In the stranglings, slashings, hangings, capitolias and lots of the other sins, are not good gods or bad gods, only people afflicted with varying degrees of the power disease. Nothing is true. Everything is permitted.

Burroughs loves us where he always has, kindly digested with self, with society, with the urge to consume, the need to dominate or be enslaved. We may be able to find him off with the tortured remnants of humanism, a belief in love in community. Burroughs can't find refuge. The image that haunts him is the ergs of the hanged men, the last spasm of the body as the neck is broken. Public execution, in honor of the final sexual frenzy of the dying is the major spectator sport in the cities, all cities as neckties are all the rage. For Burroughs, prostitution and the trapping of love are turned into the drugs of the terminally death-addicted. He wants all of his body because it can't stimulate, subjects us to the power struggle of sex, to fear and the need for rescue through drugs, gods, tyrants. For Burroughs there can be no hope, no community of man, no happy ending, unless there is biological mutation. Rather than the hard discipline of nihilist love. Love is the drug Burroughs doesn't know how to score.

—ANNE COLLINS

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Beginnings of a tag-team match



Haig and Trudeau might tangle while the new boy and the old actor watch

By Alan Fotheringham

There was a very telling moment

When President Ronald Reagan stood in his football-shouldered suit before the joint session of the House of Commons and Senate, he came to a section of his text that had been rewritten by hand, poised, stamp-

ambition, and aggression show through the Ottawa talks. "He makes *Fatigé*," said one of his men in Vietnam, "look like a paupier." Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts at first opposed the confirmation of Haig as Reagan's secretary of state because of his Watergate background, but in the end he concluded, "We will use the talents to dominate this administration."

was nearly killed by a terrorist bomb in Belgium when he was NATO boss. Major-General has spent his entire life as a student, law professor or in the House of Commons—unstalled by cockpit hijacking, until trapped for nearly a year. A statesman, earned a salary and became one of Britain's millionaires as president of United Technologies Corp.

IMPORTED

394

2000-01

Several Unionists want to nominate him. He is fond of stating, "If you know everything I know, you'd agree with everything I've said to say." No one in Ottawa is quite sure why MacDermot, after being studiously avoided by Pierre Trudeau in cabinet-selecting over 32 years, was plucked from his long obscurity to fill such a crucial post. The Trudeauists explain that the newly recompensed prime minister—knowing that he would be his last term and his last chance for a new direction in foreign policy—asked his think tank to come up with someone

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An unexpected pleasure.

or that such noise and
fear running through an audience.

The conclusion (the negotiation?) that our master in the south is in no such fragile hands comes with the first sight of General Alexander Haig, a man almost as fragile as he is self-assured. He is the only survivor of the gang at the National Arts Centre for the gala, superbly organised and staged, by the way presented for the Regatta. Shorter than assumed, bristling in black tie, Haig does not walk so much as he seizes, head thrust forward, thick neck, resembling a bull mastiff on the prowl. The pilot of early *Service* men from a remote and wild behind him, staring sharply as he walks sharply off to the side—only to discover the minute that master is headed for a romp to damp his hat.

General Alexander Neigh Hagg Jr. is the bad cop to the amiable 70-year-old good cop who wants to run the U.S. as 9-to-5 chairman of the board. Hagg's *Allen Funtership* is a columnist for

Hag at these talks, a grey shadow beside the green tall man, was the gaunt Mark MacGugan, Prince Edward Island-born, a man who was a member of the Special Committee on State Proceedings at a time when Hag was attempting to exclude Douglas MacArthur in his narrative to the military panel order. Much MacGugan could not know from a man opposite background: Son of a P.E.I. Superior Court justice, Dr. MacGugan has six degrees collected in his journey through St. Dunstan's University in Charlottetown, University of Toronto, Osgoode Hall

There is another napalm Haig made in Ottawa last week of course, but surprisingly, the intellectual Trudeau was the glib old star got along with Haig much of the going-on Haig and the perfect MacCregor survived. One would suggest that when things get hot, the real showdown on U.S.-Canada relations would be between MacCregor and Trudeau. That would be worth watching.

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